Warren Spitler
Middlebrook
Va

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THE ROCKET EXPRESS

STORY OF A MEMORABLE NIGHT ON THE RAIL

BY MARO O. ROLFE

CHAPTER I.

A CALL FOR CASH.

John Fincastle, superintendent of the P. Q. & M. S. railway, had scarcely seated himself in his private office, on the Monday morning in midsummer upon which this story begins, when a card was laid before him on his desk. The card bore this name:

"Ellis Mainhall."

"And who is Ellis Mainhall?" mused Fincastle. "Evidently he is an early bird, and if he is deserves special consideration, but I am growing a little shy of strangers." He studied the card critically. "Good stock and good printing," he murmured. "Mr. Ellis Mainhall, whoever he may be, has the good taste to use a gentleman's card, whether he is a gentleman or not. I'll just take my chances with him, though I must confess recent events are making me a little nervous."

He touched a bell at his side and summoned a clerk from the outer office.

"James," he said, "show Mr. Mainhall in."

Mr. Mainhall was a man of thirty-five, sleek, smooth-shaven, well-dressed and entirely the master of himself as he presently demonstrated. He was not bad looking, but there was something repellent in his cold, gray eyes, and he had an audacious smile that was anything but reassuring to Fincastle, who was a little nervous and very much worried over recent events in the history of the road whose destinies he directed in his capacity of superintendent.

"Ah, Mr. Mainhall," he began, formally, as he studied the face of his visitor carefully, "I do not think I ever saw you before."

"I think not," and there was an unpleasant metallic ring in the stranger's voice, "but I have seen you before, Mr. Fincastle."

Fincastle started.

"Where?" he asked. "When?"

"One question at a time, please. I have seen you at several meetings of the directors of the P. Q. & M. S. Railway company. To convince you I will state that I was present, ostensibly as an assistant to the janitor, when you explained your plan for detecting, capturing and punishing the enemies of the road who have made it so much trouble of late. You remember how you proposed to deal with Denton Marple—you thought—"

The stranger paused and gazed searchingly into the face of the superintendent.

"And what did I think?" asked Fincastle, wearily.

"You thought he could be bought off."

The superintendent started.

"Ah! So I surprised you? Well, President Latshaw was nearer right than you about that matter."

"How so?"

"He told you you could not buy Denton Marple. Money will never swerve that man from his plans. His mind made up once, and he goes right ahead, considering neither friends nor enemies."

"Then what will command his attention?"

"Nothing but his own interests."

"But does he not want money?"

"Oh, he has plenty of that."

"What does he seek then?"

"Simply the gratification of his own will."

"And that—"

"That is to ruin the P. Q. & M. S. Railway company. He has no dearer wish than that!"

"Do you know him well?"

"Yes, intimately. I am the only man who could—by any possibility—turn him from his course."

"And how could you do that?"

"I have a hold on him!"

"In what way?"

"You want to know too much on a short acquaintance. There is doubtless a time for all things, but the time for me to tell you about that is not yet here. But you could hasten it, Mr. Fincastle; you could hasten it materially."

"How?"

"By the use of money!"

Fincastle looked at the man suspiciously. Then he resumed his seat in a deliberate way he had not before thought of extending to him.

"I judge you are willing to have a long, confidential talk, Mr. Fincastle," remarked Mainhall, forthwith. "That shows your good sense. I am going to be moderate in my demands. I am looking for only two thousand dollars today, but I must have that before I waste any words on you. I need it very much and it is a mere nothing to a concern like yours. I'll just give you a tip and leave you to settle the matter with your sound sense just as you dealt with Innis and made money by the transaction."

"Innis! And you know—"

"All about it, even to the smallest detail. The fifteen hundred dollars you gave Innis saved you more than fifty times that sum and you know it."

Fincastle looked at the man wonderingly.

"And what do you up to?" he asked, at length.

"The Rocket Express will be thrown off the track tonight, unless I prevent it or give in a way to do it."

"The Rocket Express!" The words broke from Fincastle's lips in tones of consternation. "The Rocket Express, and the—"

"And the five hundred thousand dollars you expect to bring down the line, and the passengers and the men who run the train, all will go to destruction together unless you pay me two thousand dollars to put it in your power to outwit Denton Marple and his gang, to naught his well laid diabolical plan."

"Where is this disaster, this murderous outrage, planned to take place?" asked Fincastle, shudderingly.

"I will not tell you that until the moment for final and successful action arrives. Then you must be by my side or I cannot prevent this crime without your help. You cannot prevent it without my help, and," with a bland smile, "my help will cost you two thousand dollars in advance."

CHAPTER II.

THE LADY AND THE LETTER.

John Fincastle was silent and thoughtful. He did not relish the idea of being held up for two thousand dollars by this nonchalant and affable Mr. Mainhall. Yet there were other considerations that he could not ignore; human life and a large financial value being in the balance.

"You must fully understand my proposition," continued Ellis Mainhall, "you are to pay me two thousand dollars in advance and put yourself under my direction. I will not inform you where or when it is the intention of Denton Marple to derail the Rocket Express tonight. If I should inform you on either point a glance at the schedule of the train would settle the other. With your help I will find a way to baffle Marple even if I cannot induce him to relinquish the idea. You will perceive, Mr. Fincastle, that I am in line to be quite useful to you and the interests you represent."

"But you should prevent the crime as a matter of duty. Surely, you would not stand back and permit scores, may be hundreds, of men and women to be killed or maimed?"

Ellis Mainhall shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't get sentimental," he sneered. "This is just a matter of business. I refuse to do anything to protect those lives unless I get the two thousand dollars. I am an obstacle in the way of your saving those people's lives, and that little sum of money is the means by which you can convert me into an indispensable aid and carry out that humane purpose. Can you justify yourself in withholding it? Now that the responsibility is wholly on you, how do you purpose to act?"

"What if I should have you arrested?"

"Then you would be powerless to save the Flocket Express or anybody or anything aboard."

"If I should give you the money how do I know you could not make yourself sure and do nothing you say you have in your power to do?"

"You have your experience with Innis as a precedent. That ought to give you confidence this time."

"Besides," went on Fincastle, after a little thought, "there may be no danger at all. You may be trying to frighten me into giving up the money you want—to be plain, your whole story may be a bluff."

"If you prefer to think so, I have nothing further to say and we may as well consider everything off."

So saying, Ellis Mainhall arose and put on his hat. He was on the point of turning away when the superintendent checked him with a motion of his hand.

"Well," he said, "I yield. Sit here and I will go out for the currency. You people don't appear to like checks. Mr. Innis insisted on the currency."

"Yes, I want currency, but, pardon me, I will not sit here and wait for you. I will go along with you. If you should be setting some trap for me you would be the worse off for it, to be sure, but I might be, too, in some ways, and I prefer not to take chances."

"Very well," asserted Fincastle. "Come with me, then."

Quickly filling out a check for the amount required, the superintendent hurried up the street about a block to a bank, which he entered, closely followed by Mainhall. He drew the money and without any hesitation laid it in his companion's outstretched hand. To all appearances the transaction was only one of the most ordinary business character.

"Now," he said, "come back to my office and we will talk about details."

"We have nothing to talk about." Mainhall spoke with the most exasperating coolness. "Having paid me this retainer," and he shoved the two thousand dollars down into a convenient pocket, "you must leave this business in my hands. I must have my own way in everything and you must aid me exactly as I direct. Any other course on your part would defeat our object."

Fincastle looked at the man blankly, as if wondering at his audacity.

"You understand," pursued Mainhall, "that you are to trust me implicitly. I hope that proposition does not stagger you."

"But it does."

"Well, you'll have to get over that without any protracted course of reasoning. There is no time to be thrown away. You go right back to your regular business and at three this afternoon meet me at your office. I will put forth every effort to be there on time; see that you are, too. Meanwhile, I will see what I can do with Denton Marple. If I fail with him, then I shall call on you to help me to balk his

"I am Mrs. Graham" she replied.

game and explain to you, in due time, how it may be accomplished."

As he spoke, the two had descended the high steps leading from the bank to the sidewalk. Fincastle made no reply. They simply nodded and Fincastle went quickly back toward his office and Ellis Mainhall walked slowly down toward the heart of the town. Neither looked back.

"A lady to see you, sir," announced a clerk, as the superintendent entered the main office of the P. Q. & M. S. Railway company. "I gave her a seat in your private office."

"Who is she?" asked Fincastle, cautiously.

"I don't know, sir. She gave no name and presented no card."

Fincastle went into the small private office and a middle-aged woman rose to meet him.

"I am Mrs. Graham," she said, politely. "The wife of Bob Graham, the old engineer."

"Yes."

"Glad to see you, Mrs. Graham. Your husband is one of our oldest and most faithful men. What can I do for you?"

"I have little request to make and I have a letter to deliver to you. It was sent by my daughter." Here it is," and she handed him a small sealed envelope.

Fincastle gave her a quick, searching glance.

CHAPTER III.

TO GO DOWN THE LINE.

"From my daughter?" asked Fincastle.

"Yes, sir."

"I did not know that you and my daughter were acquainted."

"We met only recently. Read the letter, sir. It's about the entire thing. I'll go down the line this afternoon. I'll all be clear to you in a minute."

John Fincastle tore open the envelope, unfolded the letter and read it hastily.

"Ah! I see," he said. "Grace wants a permit for herself and some friends to go down the line on the engine your husband is to take down this afternoon?"

"That's it, sir."

"Well, of course, she shall have it. But you know the engine won't be back until morning. It will be out all night."

"Yes, but Mr. Graham and I will take good care of her."

"Well, I guess it's all right. I'm glad to accommodate you all. But you did not tell me how you and my daughter became acquainted."

"At a church social a little while ago."

"Why did she not bring this request in person? Why did she send a telephone?"

"Because she is quite busy with our preparations for the trip at my house, and we have no 'phone."

Ah, I see. Very well. I hope you'll all enjoy yourselves."

"Thank you, sir," and Mrs. Graham departed with as much abruptness that nothing more was said between the two. But Fincastle harbored a vague suspicion. He could have given a reason for it, too. His daughter Grace, his only child, gave him her confidence to a considerable degree. She had no plans that she did not talk over with him. She had never mentioned having met Mrs. Graham. He had left her at the breakfast table scarcely more than two hours ago and she had not referred to any proposed trip down the line on a locomotive. Then, too, there was Investigator. He went to the telephone and called up his own home number.

He was answered by a servant. Miss Fincastle was not at home.

"And when is she expected to return?" he asked.

"I can't say exactly. She went away with a Mrs. Graham, who called soon after breakfast, but I suppose she will not be gone long."

"When she comes in ask her to call me up."

He took up the business of the day and it was not till after dinner that he was told that some one wanted to see him at the 'phone.

"Is that you, papa?" were the first words he heard.

"Yes."

"Well, I just got back from Mrs. Graham's. I hope you would grant my request. We expect to have a jolly time. Thank you, so much, for granting special you wanted to say?"

"Well," hesitatingly, "no, I guess not. I hope you'll enjoy yourself. Keep an eye out for danger. A locomotive isn't the safest place in the world, for one not accustomed to them."

"I'll look out for myself and Mrs. Graham will look out for me, too, and Mr. Graham will look out for Mrs. Graham. Good-by."

"Good-by," and the superintendent dropped the receiver and turned from the 'phone.

"Well," he soliloquized, "I didn't exactly like that Mrs. Graham, much as I respect old Bob, but I think everything is all right."

The hours dragged wearily. He was not very busy and he stood a good while at lunch, sat to still time, and began to feel much solicitude as to what news Mainhall would bring him at five.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, nervously. "It's an even bet that somebody ups at us!"

At two-thirty the Rocket Express left the far end of the line. As the time of its departure drew nigh Fincastle was more nervous than he would have cared to admit.

"One thing I have determined on," he mused. "If Mr. Mainhall does not put in an appearance I will take the next on the train to keep an eye out for trouble during the whole run till they're safe and sound here in the yards."

But Mr. Mainhall was prompt in keeping his appointment. At three o'clock to the day he entered the superintendent's private office and closed it on the night at the end of his desk.

"I saw Marple," he said, "and I failed to induce him to abandon his purpose."

"Failed?"

"Yes."

"And why?"

"Because he says he can carry the game to a successful end in spite of anything you can do."

"By what means?"

"I do not know. Besides, I do not believe him. We can outwit him if you will give me your aid, Mr. Fincastle."

Fincastle did not reply at once. He was beginning to believe in this man, Mainhall. To be sure, he had his price, but he was showing a disposition to earn his money. It would have been easy for him to say that he had fixed matters with Marple and get away with the two thousand dollars before it could be determined whether or not he was acting in good faith. But he was not taking such a course.

"Will you give me the details as to your talk with Marple?"

"No."

WHERE THE MIRACLE LAY.

Parson Johnson—Yo' say yo' saw a fellah git suddenly converted once right in de middle on a poker game, deacon?

Deacon Jackson—Yaas, sah. It happened like dis. It was 'bout one o'clock an' de game was young. Dis fellah was seben dollahs an' sixty-five cents ahead. All on a sudden he shouted out dat he had become suddenly converted an' was gwine home to pray.

Parson Johnson—Lawd! Dar was a miracle dar fo' suah, Brudder Jackson.

Deacon Jackson—Yais; it was a miracle dat he got out alive wif on'y sebenteen cuts on 'im.

"And what do you propose now?"

"To get the best of Marple."

"And how?"

"You remember I told you you would have to trust me implicitly."

"Yes," hesitatingly, "what would you have me do?"

"Nothing just now. At seven tonight have a swift locomotive in the yards steamed up and ready for a run down the line. Will you do that?"

"If necessary, yes."

"It is necessary. Have a good reliable engineer and fireman on board. Have the track clear."

"All right. I will have a fireman. I will run the engine myself. I used to be an engineer, and I worked up."

CHAPTER IV.

WHERE IS GRACE FINCASTLE?

"That will do, I guess." And Ellis Mainhall turned away. "Don't forget to have everything ready on time. In such business as we are undertaking we can't do by clock. I am going now, but I will be down in the yard before seven."

Scarcely was Fincastle alone when another visitor was admitted. The newcomer was a businesslike appearing man of about forty, whom Fincastle greeted as De Lisle.

"Who is the man who just went out?" asked the visitor.

Here is his card. It bears the name of Ellis Mainhall."

"Ellis Mainhall! So that is what he chooses to call himself now!"

"Do you know anything about that man, De Lisle?"

"I have known him by another name than this. He called himself Stephen Gascoyne, and pretended he was promoting a manufacturing trust when I saw him."

"And where did you see him?"

"In New York last winter."

"And you know no harm of him?"

"I can't say that I do, but I wouldn't trust him very far, for all that. He got a fine steel property at particularly sickly and schemy rate."

"Yes, he's undoubtedly a sharp one," answered Fincastle. "I wish I knew more about him than I do."

"Well, if I were in your place I wouldn't mix up with him much, Fincastle. I wouldn't trust him at all, or trust him in a very important matter."

"Don't do that."

"But don't you understand, De Lisle, that necessity is my master?"

"Then you're playing in tough luck—that is all I can say about the matter without knowing more of it. Do you mind making a confidant of me? You know I never peach."

"You never did and you've helped me through some pretty tight places, one way and another, and from time to time you've given me some valuable information."

"I try to be sure about my facts before I speak, and sometimes I get in a good deal of trouble to get them. I haven't been confidential secret service man of big railway magnates for fifteen years without finding out a thing or two about railroading and about some precious rascals, too. Now, there is that villain Marple——"

"Marple! Have you anything new about him, De Lisle?"

"No."

"Well, I have," declared Fincastle, "and that's what brought this man Mainhall, or Seacord, or whatever his name may be, here today."

Briefly Fincastle told De Lisle of everything that had occurred that day and the secret agent listened with increasing wonder.

"And you're going down the line on a locomotive with that man?" De Lisle said, half interrogatively.

"That is my program."

"Then I'll go with you if you'll permit me."

"But no one is to but Mainhall and the fireman and myself."

"Then let me be the fireman!"

"Agreed."

"All right. Have some fireman bring around his working clothes for me to use for the occasion."

"I have plenty of those togs left," said Fincastle, "and it makes me proud to look at them sometimes. You're about my size and they will fit you well enough."

"Arm yourself, Fincastle. Nothing like a good, sure revolver when you're going into unknown danger. I shall have my own barked along. We never know when they'll come handy."

At half-past five the superintendent and the secret agent entered Fincastle's house.

"What time was it when Grace went away?" asked Fincastle of a servant, as the latter admitted them.

"Early this morning."

"But she telephoned me from here about eleven o'clock. You must know about that."

"She has not been here since half-past eight."

"Hiss say other woman been here?"

"Only Mrs. Graham. She came about eleven to get some wraps for Miss Grace. I told her you wanted to get Miss Grace over the telephone, but she said she would see you while I was upstairs after the wraps. When I came down she was standing in the hall."

"There's something very wrong. I'm afraid," said Fincastle, "and I must look into it before I go down the line tonight, Hello, De Lisle, you're here, and we'll dress and plan, while we do so."

They reappeared presently, to all appearances a typical engineer and fireman. Fincastle gave some hurried instructions to the servant, then the two ran down the steps and hurried up the street and entered a car more where they were soon consulting a directory with much eagerness.

"Robert Graham, locomotive engineer, 196 Epperly street," read Fincastle. "We must waste no time in getting there, De Lisle."

They took a cab and were soon at the engineer's door and the door was opened by an honest looking old woman.

"We want to see Mrs. Graham," said Fincastle.

"I am Mrs. Graham," she replied.

"You!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Mrs. Graham, superintendent of the P. Q. & M. R. Railway company. Are you acquainted with my daughter, Grace, Mrs. Graham?"

"I never saw her, sir, to my knowledge."

"Were you at my house today?"

"I was never there," was the straightforward answer.

Fincastle grew deadly pale.

"My God!" he cried, hoarsely. "Then Grace, my daughter, is in the power of Denton Marple!"

Further chapters of this thrilling story will appear in next week's Ledger. See our offer of free cameras and patterns on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Too Polite.

It is well to be thoughtful of other people's feelings, but in all things it is well to be observed. This is the moral of an amusing tale found in Short Stories.

At a recent church dedication the preacher, who was a stranger, followed up his sermon by an earnest appeal for the balance of the money needed to pay for the building.

The collectors went round, and promises came in. As the subscriptions were one after another read, the collector announced, "The five black children, one dollar." The courteous preacher quickly amended the statement by announcing, "Five highly colored people, one dollar."

Amidst an outburst of merriment, the pastor hastily explained that the donors were white children of the name of Black.

The Strength of Aluminum.

In reply to the question, which, it is said, metal-workers frequently ask: "What is the strength of aluminum?" The Aluminum world says that cast aluminum is about equal in strength to cast iron in tension, while in resisting compression it is comparatively weak. Under transverse strain aluminum is not very rigid, but it will bend nearly double before breaking. The tensile strength of aluminum is greatly improved by forging and pressing at a temperature of 650 degrees Fahrenheit, and aluminum alloyed with nickel is much stronger than the pure metal.

American Physique.

Professor Angelo Mosso of Turin, a celebrated Italian savant, who recently visited this country, was greatly impressed by our gymnasiums and athletic sports. He thought it especially desirable that physical education was carried to so high a degree here without any military object. The American men and girls are, in point of physique, far far superior to those of Italy, and he confesses that he had "only to look at the passers-by in the street" to be convinced how much more developed and strong they were than his compatriots.

Language.

To him who thinks the English tongue
By our rude slangs hath been undone,
Be this large crumb of comfort flung:
Great England's slang is worse than ours.

"But is your uncle so very mean, Bertie?" "Mean! Why, haven't you heard? He orders that when he dies his doorplate is to be taken off his front door and screwed on his coffin, to save buying one from the undertaker."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine
Best that Money Can Buy

TIM THE ACTOR.

"Aren't you a little more attentive to Miss Gerald than it is necessary for an attorney to be to his typewriter?" asked Margaret Fenton of her brother.

"Probably," he answered; "but not more attentive than I find it agreeable, sister mine."

"What taste you have! She isn't even pretty."

"Not particularly so; but all men are not fascinated by a pretty face; there are other qualities we admire.

"If you want to be married for your money, by an ambitious young woman of no social position—no family prestige—very well."

"I believe, Margaret, the difference between the Geralds and ourselves is simply a question of money. Mother, was it not yourself who asked me to employ, Miss Gerald?"

"Yes, Donald. Her father and yours were college chums; your father chose a mercantile life and made money; Mr. Gerald entered the ministry; he and his wife are educated, refined people, but, as Margaret says, are poor. I am glad you could show your father's friend a favor by finding employment for his daughter. Perhaps we should have had her at the house offtener——"

"I think Donald has done the honors for the family quite generously, mamma. By the way, Donald, Carrie Denning is coming this week; can you possibly spare time to help entertain her?"

"Gladly; I shall be as attentive to your friends as I desire you to be to mine." And he left for the office.

"Margaret, don't say any more against Annie Gerald; it is just the way to drive Donald to propose to her. Let him alone. I will trust his judgment."

Christian Science Healing

Has Cured Nearly 2,000,000 People That Were Given Up to Die by the Physicians.

It is an honest, studious, persistent effort to reduce our Saviour's teachings and maxims to every day life. Ruskin says: "It is the strength of Divinity we have to recognize in all mighty things, it comes like all good and perfect gifts, simply because our best chiasma, the advanced thinkers, are forced to recognize the wonderful cures made daily and before our eyes by our successful Christian Science healers.

There is now attainable so much positive evidence of cures without medicine or other materia medica, covering the entire range of ills that flesh is heir to that no one can be misled in refusing investigation. Thousands of happy men, women and children today are living in health and usefulness, who, a few years since, were physical, mental or moral wrecks, pronounced incurable by doctors. If others are cured, you can be.

One gift and "I have no faith" or "I am too bad" or "the day of miracles is past." All these "ifs" and doubts are met by the fact that as many as truly desire are healed. If doctors and medicine have failed to cure you, write to me at once, state your condition plainly. Remember you do not have to become a Christian Scientist to be cured, nor does it make any difference what your religion is or whether you are one or thousands of miles away from me. I have made so many marvelous cures in the past 18 years that I am recognized to day as the greatest Christian Science healer. My many and wonderful cures have startled the world. Write today for my book called "A Message of Health and Healing." It is full of interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 3 cents for postage and address R. A. Anderson, C. S. B., 1750 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Illinois.

Lucky, Sometimes.

Longshot—Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck?

Placeon—Yes, when they are on the winning horse.

Every Lady Gets Free

a sample cake of Fould's Medicated Arsenic Complexion Soap, also package Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, by sending 10c. to H. B. Fould, Room 18, 214 6th Ave., N. Y. city, to pay postage, packing, etc. The articles are standard and have been on the market for years. Every lady reader is entitled to one cake of soap and a package of *wafers free.*

How Time Does Fly.

"Well, well! Is that you, Jones? Glad to see you. Let's see, we haven't met since last year, have we?"

"Had come to think of it, not since back in eighteen hundred."

PERSONAL:—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blank. Personal Correspondence Club, Box 182, Chicago, Ill.

The Debt to Nature.

"Die!" whispered to voice of the tempter. "No; I can't bring myself to prefer nature's creditors." And the honest bankrupt, and scrupulously refrained from committing suicide.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Just the Thing.

Lulu—What do you think would harmonize nicely with a straw-colored suit?

Irene—Why, I would suggest new-mown hair.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

"A man in love has no judgment," replied the daughter. Then, added, under her breath, "There are ways of preventing his making a fool of himself. I have my heart on his marrying Carrie. I'll drop in the office today—Donald said he would be out."

The typewriter and office boy were alone.

"Mr. Fenton will not be in until four o'clock," said Miss Gerald.

"How provoking," returned Margaret. "I will rest a moment if you don't object."

"Certainly not," was the answer.

"Mamma and I were talking about you this morning," continued Margaret; "we were saying we must have you at the house oftener, as our fathers were dear friends."

"It would be pleasant, I am sure."

"Just now I am busy; a dear friend, Carrie Denning, comes this week. She's almost in the family, you know, and Donald has a round of gayeties planned in her honor. I tell him he is getting gay for a staid lawyer, who aspires to be a judge, but you know men in love are such unaccountable creatures."

"I suppose so," murmured the girl dreamily, as her eyes rested on the flowers she had found on her desk that morning.

"If you were the sister of one you would know it. Mamma has just sent her heart on the marriage. Carrie is charming, and has wealth, beauty and position, all that Donald's wife should have. But, dear me, I'm keeping you from your work; how thoughtless in me! Good-by, dear."

"There," she ejaculated, as she closed the door; "she may think about that, and I'll keep Donald out of her way."

Miss Gerald leaned her head on her desk. Shame and anger filled her heart. Anger that Mr. Fenton should dare trifle with her when his sister had accepted all as a girl would the advance of true love.

She could never look him in the face again, she concluded.

A cough from Tim, the office boy, roused her. She had forgotten him.

"I say, Miss Gerald," said Tim, softly; "yer know I'm yer true frien' after wot you done fur ma sis' me when she was sick an' I wish you wouldn't mind and wouldn't look so white an' starey."

"I'm sick, that is all."

"Wouldn't ought to be said.

"Tim, when Mr. Fenton returns tell him I was taken ill and went home. Here is a half dollar; please don't tell him anything you heard. If you are my friend, Tim, you will do as I ask. Let the office."

"Now," mused Tim, "this is exciting; jest like the plays on the stage. I allers wanted to be a hero in one, an' now's my chance. I'll do it, I can. I lose my job by minin' other folk's biznes."

He delivered Miss Gerald's message, but no sympathy was expressed.

"Ain't no stage play after all; he's too tame," he muttered.

The following day Donald received a letter from Miss Gerald saying she would not return to her position. He read the letter; intuitively he seemed to know somethin was wrong.

Tim was Miss Gerald very ill yesterday afternoon?"

"Now the plot's beginning; stage play, mos' easy," said the boy to himself.

"She was an right with your mother come, an' after that she was pretty bad."

"Yes, sir, she come in and being as you were out here, she sat and rested an' talked awhile, yer see."

Donald turned to the window with a puzzled look, then faced the boy.

"Tim, did you hear what my sister said yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, his face ashen; "I heerd it all on it. Sister mister didn't see me, but I was here all right."

"What did you hear?"

"Now, boss, I can't tell yer; I'm busting to; it's just like the folks on the stage, but Miss Gerald said every cent's not to tell yer an' she's been awful good to ma an' me."

"I will give you these two silver dollars to tell me."

Tim held the dollars in his hand.

"An' won't make envy trouble fur Miss Gerald, and I won't turn her off?"

"No."

"Nor me, neither?"

"No."

"Honor bright, boss?"

"Honor bright."

"Well, yer see, 'twas this erway," began the boy, hesitatingly, but as he went on he told Miss Gerald as how yer was awfully in love with a gal what's comin' to yer house this week, an' she's pretty an' rich; that you're a-goin' to marry her an' yer so dead gone she'll never have to be a judge, an' yer ma is awful glad. An' when yer went out that afternoon she was sick an' got awful white. I was scairt. I told her not to care, but she jest looked at me like she'd faint, an' went."

"Thank you, Tim; you've earned your money. Well dressed, I suppose. I have some important business out of town today and will not be back an afternoon off."

"Hooray," cried Tim to himself; "a whole afternoon and two silver dollars. I wonder if them play actors feel like this?"

That evening Donald Fenton rang the bell of the parsonage Hampton and inquired for Miss Annie.

"She has a bad headache and doesn't want to see anyone," said the maid.

"Tell her that a friend desires to see her on very important business; you must give no name."

He sat in the little parlor wondering how he should make known his errand. It was a practical man; when he tried his first case he was not at all nervous.

"Mr. Fenton, you here?" gasped Annie, as she entered the room.

"I came to see why you left my employ, and to inquire to what dreadful disease you succumbed so suddenly."

"I tell my ailments only to a physician."

"Let me make a diagnosis at once, Annie," taking her trembling hands in his; "you were perfectly well until my sister told you a falsehood. No, not a word—let me explain. Tim told me all. I will not try to defend Margaret, but I came to tell you that there is only one woman in the world whom I love and whom I will marry. Will she say yes, darling?"

"I am so glad," she whispered, "and so happy."

Tim was all curiosity the next morning. "I wonder if anything's happened," he thought. "I wished I dare ask."

"Will Miss Gerald be back today, sir?" he asked, respectfully.

"She won't be back at all," was the reply.

"She ain't awful sick, is she?" inquired Tim, in a frightened voice.

"No, she is quite well, but we shall have a new girl in tomorrow."

Tim was thoroughly scared. "Oh, boss, yer promised yer wouldn't turn neether on us off. I wouldn't gone back on her for a hundred dollars. What have I done? I'm she so good to me an' ma all winter."

"As you feel so bad, I will add that when she returns to the city it will be as Mrs. Donald Fenton, and I'll give you a new suit to wear at the wedding, Tim."

"Oh, fellers," said Tim, as he related his experience to his comrades, "I jest did it swell—better'n any play actor you ever seen."

And he indulged in a lively jig to give vent to his joy.

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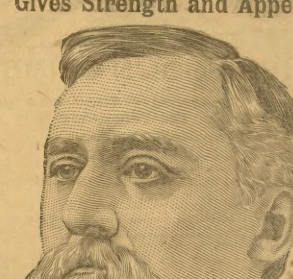

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Fad-Words and Phrases.

There is a fashion in language, as there is in dress and customs. One year "only cads ride bicycles," and the next year society sanctions the use of the wheel by members of the fou hundred. Croquet goes out and tennis comes in, to be succeeded in popular favor in its turn by golf.

So it is with our written and printed speech. A new word or the coining of a happy phrase is followed by the adoption and constant iteration of the favorite expression until the monotony of it grows wearisome. Unlike a fashion in dress, the new phrases are not discarded. We get accustomed to them and use them still, and we use also the newer forms of speech to express other ideas.

No one nowadays speaks of a tendency. It is always a "trend." Ten years ago "trend" was a fad-word, now it has quite superseded the use of the older and more accurate word.

There were "combines" and "deals" before those words were invented, and there was no difficulty about expressing the ideas without them.

We may call this era the Reign of the Intensive Adverb. A plain, simple word intended even to become unusual, is not any man complaint? He is sure to "complain bitterly." A man is not "bitterly disappointed," although his feeling of disappointment may be momentary. No one in this age thinks without failing "utterly." These adverbs are additions to the old stock of awfulies, fearfulies, of awfully completes, and the like, which came in with the last generation.

When all the superlatives are used up, where will the word-makers go to find forms of expression when strong and comprehensive words are required?

ALASKA WORKER

Gained 44 lbs. by Leaving Off Coffee and Taking Postum Food Coffee.

Some people in Alaska have work to do. A widow woman, Mrs. Adda Crossley, of Juneau, says she has been doing the cooking for eight men through the winter, and during the summer for fifteen more. She went to Alaska a invalid, and had been in poor health four or five years before going. It seems that her sickness was caused and kept up by the use of coffee. When she finally discovered the real cause, she abandoned coffee, and finding Postum Cereal Coffee in the stores, took up its use.

She says: "I commenced using it once a day for two months, then twice a day. I only weighed 93 pounds when I started, and could hardly get up and down the stairway. After leaving off coffee and beginning the use of Postum, I took up the work for eight men. I improved steadily, and in December last weighed 124 pounds, which is more than I have weighed for 20 years. My face is round and ruddy. Friends say if it was not for my gray hair I would pass for 30 very easily. There is no doubt that the words on the famous trademark, 'It makes red blood,' are true."

In the Side Show.

Old Party—Well, well! Nature works wonders!

Manager—Yes, an' he ain't the wonderest works the public.

A RICH FOOL'S CRIME.

From Love to Vengeance --- Story of a Heart That Broke Yet Triumphed--- A Poor Girl's Fortune.

By AGNES GERALD LYLE.

Author of "Lost to the World," "The Witches of Wildwood," Etc.

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Begun in No. 2, February 17. Subscriptions can begin with that number, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our office, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.
A FUGITIVE.

Mark Harris was a man who seldom lost his presence of mind, and when he did quickly regained it.

"My dear Mr. Blanton," he said, in a voice which expressed not the least emotion, "will you permit me to speak with you outside?"

"I shall not permit you out of my sight until I have handed you over to the police," he declared.

"Very well, I think I understand what charges you would bring against me, and have no fears of a fair trial."

"Then you acknowledge you are Mark Harris?"

"I acknowledge nothing, monsieur. I see very clearly you bring this disgrace upon me. It is jealousy for the lady."

"Dare you question me?"

"For her sake I wish this matter disposed of without any publicity or scene."

"I desire it to be quiet."

"Now, sir, you have a carriage."

"I have, sir."

"I will accompany you any where you wish to go."

Mr. Blanton bowed, and they started down the hallway, arm in arm, as if they were the very best of friends.

In the hallway they met the amiable hostess, who greeted them with smiles and hoped the monsieurs were having an enjoyable occasion.

"Ah, madame, it is the most delightful period of my whole life," declared Mark Harris, pausing a moment to seize and kiss the hand of his hostess.

"You delight me, monsieur."

"Your hospitality, madame, is unexcelled."

Meanwhile Blanton stood gazing at the cool scoundrel, drunk with amazement. The Fatuous Force of his nerve completely shocked that he seemed to really mean what he said.

How could he, a murderer, for he was nothing less than a murderer, be so careless, so utterly indifferent to his probable future?

During a moment he chatted merrily with his hostess, and then, excusing himself, said he and his friend were going to the billiard room to enjoy a quiet game.

Then he took Mr. Blanton's arm, and together they passed to the end of the great hall, passed out into the side street where a carriage stood.

"Will you get in first?" asked Mark.

"No, sir; I will see you in."

"Why, my dear friend! Do you fear me?" Mark Harris, you are a shrewd rascal. You are hard to deal with. Sorry to hold, I will not let you have any opportunity to escape me."

"Aha, so I see. Well, it shall be as you say."

Mark opened the door himself, and placing his foot on the step and then turning by a half-turning movement, asked:

"Will you follow me?"

"Certainly."

The side street near the elegant home of Madame Beaumont was only dimly lighted, and a hundred carriages were in the street with the drivers either dozing on their seats, or in the interior of the vehicles.

No one was at that particular moment paying any attention to the two men who issued from the vast ball room.

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No one heard the number which Blanton gave to his stupid coachman, who yawned and sitting up began to slowly gather the reins.

The captor, for Blanton could be regarded in no other light, now thought his prisoner secure. He knew an indictment had been formed against Mark Harris for murder, so he had quietly seen the prefect of police and French secretary of state to make sure there would be no hitch or unnecessary delay in the requisition, and to make sure that the prisoner would be secure until this was done.

He held the door open and placing his foot on the carriage step ordered the prisoner to go on, and sprang into the coach.

He was met by a blow from a stanshot, and dropped like lead in the carriage.

The shrewd knave who had stunned him, threw him into the carriage, and closing the door, quietly opened the door on the opposite side and dropped to the street without so much as attracting the attention of the drivers.

He glanced to the right and left, and seeing a French policeman not far away, hurried to him and spoke in an undertone, while he pointed to the carriage in which lay the insensible Blanton.

"He is going away beastly drunk, monsieur. See, the door of the carriage is open."

The officer glanced after the carriage and returned.

"They often do. It is a shame that young men should be so dissipated."

In ten minutes Mark Harris was back in the ball room as smiling and pleasant as ever.

Madame Beaumont met him and asked:

"Ah, monsieur, have you left the billiard hall?"

"Yes, madame, we did not get to play at all."

"Why? Where is your friend?"

"He was suddenly called away, and has gone I know not where."

"Gone?"

"Yes, madame."

"Without bidding me adieu," and the good madame really looked hurt.

"He was called so suddenly and unexpectedly, my dear madame, that he had no time to call on you, however, but deputized me to come and speak for him. I wish to tender his regrets, and assure you that they are sincere, madame."

"It was the nature of the business which took him away so suddenly, monsieur?"

"That I cannot say; but it was urgent. I shall be compelled to leave you myself, soon."

"Why, monsieur, sure you leave the English lady, Madame Launcelot?"

"I am going to call on Madame Launcelot and bid her adieu."

She left the madame in a little flutter of excitement at the hasty departure of her guests, and went to hunt up the English lady.

He found her conversing with some gay Parisians, of whom he was the center.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, madame," he said, as he entered the circle of the gay people, "but I am suddenly, quite suddenly and unexpectedly called away, and cannot leave Lady Launcelot without bidding her adieu."

The guests displayed their good breeding by falling back as he approached and for a moment Harris and the beautiful widow were alone.

"Madame, Mrs. Launcelot, let me hope that we shall meet again."

"Oh, monsieur, you are not going so far?"

"Let me go to any planet in our solar system, madame, and I will return to you," he declared. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Launcelot, the impression you have made on my heart time will never efface. When do you return to England?"

"Next month."

"Will you be in London?"

"I shall."

"I will find you."

Then he took her hand, held it in his own and was thrilled with a strange and unaccountable emotion.

Harris realized that he dared not tarry much longer. Every moment he delayed was perhaps only increasing his danger.

He quickly bade Mrs. Launcelot farewell, kissed her hand once more, and hurried away.

A thousand conflicting emotions swayed the breast of the guilty man as he took his cloak and hat from the cloak room and hurried out to his carriage.

"I don't know how hard I struck that fellow," he thought. "But I know I did not kill him. He will be back soon."

He shook his coachman until he was wide awake, and whispered:

"Drive me to the railway tation. Do you hear?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Drive hard."

"Out, monsieur."

"You understand?"

"I do."

"Stop for nothing."

"Ah! The gen' d' arms might halt me, monsieur."

"But you must not halt!"

"They would get a bullet through me if I did not."

"And I will put a bullet through you if you do, now what will you gain by it?"

"Sacre, monsieur, you are hard on a poor devil!"

"Drive, now drive and keep a close tongue in your head."

He closed the door with a bang and a moment later the carriage was going at a rapid rate of speed it dared, in the city.

Within that flying carriage sat Mark Harris, his brow contracted and his manner that of deep thought.

Fortunately his coolness did not for a single moment desert him.

"If that fool Blanton was not killed, I must dispose of him," he thought. "Curse him, why does he come to haunt and torment me at this time. D—n him, he will cross my path once too often yet. Others have and he may."

Then as his mind shifted to the fair English wife who he was being underwent a change. There was a softness in his great dark eyes, and his features were softened.

For the first time in his life, perhaps, Mark Harris was in love.

"I could have loved that other," he said, sadly, as his carriage was whirled along, "but she has been dead to me from my station. Ye gods, but she would have been the rival of Lady Launcelot if she had been alive as well. Lady Launcelot is a more matured beauty, more grace and refinement about her. Curse that other, why did she drive me to such desperation. I have no remorse for the deed that she made me do it. Oh, God, there has never been a second since, that I do not see that white face and the dark waters!"

The depot was reached and he sent his coachman to the railroad with a note for a confidential servant instructing him in regard to his luggage.

Then he entered a carriage and the train pulled out. As it was flying past the suburbs he saw a dozen police galloping down a street toward it.

Somehow there was something menacing in their manner.

He had purchased a ticket for Cherburg, but, by bribing the guard, he got off at a way station and was soon flying across the continent to Marseilles.

"If they do suspect me," he thought, "I will thus throw them off the scent."

The fugitive smiled and settled down in his seat for a nap.

CHAPTER V.
IN THE CITY'S JUNGLES —A BEWITCHING WOMAN.

It has often been said that the safest place to conceal oneself is in the jungles of a great city. Cities like London, Paris, New York and Chicago have within a few thousand hiding places for those who wish to conceal themselves from the face of their fellow men.

Neither the great plains of America, nor the jungles of Africa offer more abundant hiding places.

The escape to the ancient city of St. Petersburg. A great day of excitement has passed. The czar has just received the homage of soldiers and the city is full of hussars, cossacks, lancers, infantry and artillery.

The theaters are ablaze with glory.

Many private mansions and all public establishments are illuminated.

This is the Czar's birthday and it is a great day for all. The cold, cruel monster, proud and supercilious, who rules the people with a rod of iron, has just received the unfortunate under the feet of his horses is at the royal palace receiving the future success of his ambitious plans.

A gentleman, wrapped in elegant furs is a Russian nobleman's head, has just alighted from a sleigh near one of the handsomest mansions in the city.

His great, dark cruel eyes and his long silken mustache seem familiar.

The valet who opens the cool confidence and easy manner of this man would think him some distinguished guest in his native city.

He gave orders to his driver, and tossing his reins and fure carelessly back in the sleigh went into the house.

"This has been a day of triumph," he remarked, while a look of joy came over his face as he entered his palatial home.

"Wealth, wealth! You sometimes become a burden to mankind but what would life be without it? Why, one can live anywhere if they have money. This gentleman's village on the shores of New England to the most palatial residences in the old world, all, all is yours if you have wealth."

He had been all the while carefully removing his outer garments, and now seating himself before a blazing fire.

"One can hardly help pitying the poor devils who have to live in cold and heat for a scant existence. But then they are only a necessary evil, after all. If we had not such contrasts we would become dissatisfied with ourselves. But we have only to look about us and see men and women and children freezing and starving, while we are happy we are in our enjoyment."

This man, who had hired a palace for himself, who was marked with the air of distinction and great wealth, was none other than Harris, the great American millionaire.

But he was not known now as Harris, the American. He was Julian Dartmoor, the Englishman.

After his escape from Paris he found it quite necessary to change his name and na-

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tionality. Being a brunette he could have been an Italian, a Spaniard or Russian, as well as an Englishman, except that he did not speak the language of either of these nationalities.

St. Petersburg is a good place to hide in, only you must not excite the suspicions of the government spies. If you do not meditate a conspiracy against the government, you can escape from almost any other game.

Detective service, or the spy system, as it is known, is carried to the very extreme in St. Petersburg.

Mr. Harris, alias Julian Dartmoor, knew this, and when he had been struck by the beauty of a pretty face surrounded by sunny locks, and with deep, blue eyes, he at once determined to know more of her.

He employed a spy; or, as we call them, a detective.

Scarce had he warmed his slightly chilled frame and quaffed off a glass of brandy when his spy was announced.

"Show him in," was the order.

A few moments later a broad-faced man with a scrubby beard appeared, his fur cap in his hand.

"Well, Michael, have you shadowed the woman?"

Michael, though a Russian, spoke English to perfection.

"I have," he answered.

"What nationality is she?"

"English."

"I thought as much."

To which Michael silently nodded.

"Where does she live?"

"At the palace of the Princess."

"She is rich?"

"Immensely."

"How long has she been here?" he asked.

"Three weeks, sir," answered Michael.

"Three weeks," said the American, carefully thinking, "well, that is strange, it is very strange; I surely saw her before."

"Michael, was she at the Czar's ball?"

"No, sir; but I learn that she will be at the ball of the Czarina, given in honor of the Comacks."

"By the horns of Jupiter, I will meet her there. Say, Michael, when is that ball to be?"

"Next Thursday night, your honor. All the Cossack generals will attend."

"D—n the Cossack generals; I care nothing for them, nor for the Czarina, either." A strange light flashed in the face of the Russian which caused the American to hatsily explain.

"I am now infinitely interested in the widow, Michael. Help me in my plans and you shall be rewarded. Whatever your services may be worth shall be paid."

The face of the Russian spy softened down somewhat, and a tender light came in his eye.

"Whatever your honor requires of me will be done," he declared.

"I want an invitation to the Cossack's ball. You know how such things are gained?"

The Russian nodded.

"Get me one."

"It will take money."

"I care not for that. If it costs one thousand rubles, secure an invitation for me."

The Russian went off, and Mark Harris threw himself back in his easy chair and began to reflect.

"How fortunate. That bewitching widow in this out-of-the-way place. Ah, will she recognize me, or must I to work and woo her over again? Oh, woman, woman, your fair face has worked a strange havoc in my heart!"

Then he paused. He knew why that face had grown so dear to him. It was so like the one he had so cruelly plunged beneath the waves back in Connecticut.

"If Grace Mortimer had a sister I would say this woman was she. But, no, she had no sister. She had some brothers but no sister."

Then he shuddered as he recalled that night when he sent her body floating in the dashing tide. He took another drink of brandy to drive the thought from his mind, and went to bed.

Next day his faithful spy brought him an invitation. The fees exacted were twice as much as he had expected them to be, but he did not complain. The joy of meeting Lady Launcelot once more sent a thrill of joy to his heart.

The night of the ball came, and his finest Russelogis, his most elegant robes and blooded horses were ready.

The silver sent the prancing steeds speeding through the city, and drew up at the grand palace in the midst of hundreds of other sleighs.

Harris entered under the great portals and was met by the grand master of ceremonies. Conducted to the Czarina, he made his obeisance, knelt, kissed her hand and went through all the silly sacrilegious ceremonies which royalty exacts.

He cared little for the Czarina or any one else at the ball. He was in search of the widow and was not satisfied until he found her.

There she was standing under the brilliant light of a great chandelier, her beauty seeming a thousand times more bewitching than ever before.

Her eyes were a deep blue, her hair of gold, her face a model of the Grecian mould, and Mark could only stare at her and murmur:

"Bewitching!"

CHAPTER VI.

REJECTED—A DISCOVERY.

It was in the first lull of the dancing that Mark managed to get near the beautiful widow and whisper:

"Pardon me, madame, but it seems we have met before."

She turned her great blue eyes on him and in a voice like the tinkling of a sweet silver bell, answered:

"Surely, I have seen you."

"I am sure you are Lady Launcelot."

"Yes, sir; and I met you in Paris."

"Yes, madame."

"I last saw you at the grand ball of Madame Beaumont."

"You did."

"You disappeared suddenly."

"No, surely, I took my leave of all very leisurely, but the call was unexpected."

"Whence went you from Paris?" she asked.

She might have added that she knew he was not in the city, as search had been made for him, but she did not.

"I went to Madrid."

This lie was told to throw her off her guard; whether it did or not, did not effect her purpose.

"I hope the madame has forgiven me?" he said.

He spoke in English, because it was less understood than French.

He dreaded any reference to Mr. Blanton, the man whom he had struck senseless, and for a time it really seemed as if there was going to be no mention made of him.

"Let us walk into the conservatory, Lady Launcelot," he said.

"With pleasure, Monsieur Gyrot."

She rose and took his arm and they went quietly from the great drawing room, through the art gallery, from the walls of which frowned Russian generals, nobles and princes.

There was half a dozen genuine paintings of Peter the Great.

When they reached the conservatory, they were practically alone, as few others were there.

The rich aroma of hot-house plants burdened the air. He seated her near a small fountain and said:

"Oh, my dear lady, you cannot imagine how I have longed for this hour."

She gave him a surprised look and he asked:

"But, first, let me know how you came to be in St. Petersburg?"

"Why, monsieur, I have always felt a desire to pass a winter here."

"Are you alone?"

"Only my servants are with me."

"And your friend, Mr. Blanton, the Englishman?"

"Alas, I know not where he is," he answered.

"Have you seen him recently?"

"Not very. He has acted very strangely since he was in Paris. It was on that night —that terrible night when you left the brilliant saloons of Madame Beaumont so suddenly. Do you recall the time?"

"Very distinctly, my dear madame, I explained that urgent business compelled me to leave the city."

"You went to Madrid?"

"I did, and remained many months engaged in business that was very provoking, in that it delayed and annoyed me. But you were going to tell me something of your friend, Mr. Blanton."

"He was injured that night by a fall from his carriage. He never explained fully. It was weeks before he recovered, and has never seemed to be himself since."

A sigh of relief escaped the breast of the pleased woman, and he stroked his silken black mustache with a satisfaction that was supreme. They were now quite alone and he felt that the supreme hour had come.

Mark Harris had never before known what it was to love. He had been stirred by commercial emotions, such as admiration and wonder, but never before by love.

If a selfish, cruel heart like his is susceptible of love, he was desperately, madly in love. When he loved it was the fierce fiery heart of a swept fall before it. There was nothing gentle about his affections. It was the fury of a storm. There was no concession as to rights of others. Everything must bend to his will. All obstacles must be swept out of his way.

"My dear madame," he began, his fond eyes on the beautiful face, "you cannot imagine what great happiness it gives me to once more have the pleasure of your society. I am your greatest admirer, your friend, your devoted slave. Oh, I beseech you to give me the right to protect and defend you always."

He knew how to propose in the most dramatic and romantic manner, and sank gracefully upon his knees, where he poured out his soul to the beautiful being.

"Wait," she said, her eyes closing as if in a sort of hypnotic trance. "What do I see, a rocky coast, a fisherman's hamlet, the cottages of the wealthy. A young man, rich and handsome, a trusting, simple fisher maiden. A proposal of marriage, an acceptance, a marriage that was a sham. Then a wild, dark night, a stormy scene near the fatal rock, and finally the false husband seizing his poor little wife and hurling her into the foaming sea."

"What, in the devil's name, do you mean?" he cried, starting to his feet. Without noticing his interruptions, she went on:

"The yacht of a wealthy Englishman is passing. From its deck he sees an object struggling in the water; rescues her——"

"Hell and fury, devil! I know all now! I was a fool, a blind fool, not to recognize you before. You are Grace—Grace Mortimer, alive!"

"Yes, Grace Mortimer, alive."

"I love you more than ever——"

"Hush, murderer, you did not drown me, but slew my brother. Your suit is rejected, and you shall yet pay the penalty of that crime!"

A cool and evil sneer came over his face and he answered:

"Grace, Grace, you and Blanton, the Englishman, have played your cards well; but I am too shrewd for you both. The Czar is my friend. I have influence against you both for nihilism. Attempt to molest me, refuse my suit, and by the God above us, you will both go to Siberia!"

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CHAPTER XI.

A SHOCK THAT KILLS.

Stella looked at the miserable wretch with a sort of fierce scorn.

"Why do you stop?" she said. "I did not think you would stop at anything."

You dare me in desperation. Hold out the olive branch, Stella, and there will be no more war!"

"I prefer the war!"

"Oh, you do. Then you shall have it. You have gained my child's heart. You will see how soon she will turn from you when she knows that you are a woman without honor, without modesty—"

A burning flush came to Stella's cheeks, and her eyes blazed.

"Miserable wretch," she said, "I believe you are capable of doing this infamous thing. But you would murder your own child!"

"Oh, it will not be so bad as that," he said, with a shrug. "Her love will change to disgust."

Stella shuddered. Tears came into her eyes.

"She is an innocent child. Spare her if you will no space me."

"I want Lottie. Call Lottie!"

"If you carry out your purpose," cried Stella, "you will repent. You will repent of it till the day of your death!"

"You will be the one to repent," said Collins, fiercely, and he raised his voice into a shrill call!

"Lottie! Lottie!"

When Stella heard a timid step approaching she said, in a last appeal:

"You will not do this. Stop in time!"

"Do you accept my proposition. Will you come back?"

"No!"

"Very well. Go away! This is none of your affair now. It's out of your hands!"

"You'll kill her, that's all!"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, do you think she loves you to that point?"

Lottie came in. Her pretty face very pale, her blue eyes timid as a fawn's.

"Papa, oh, papa, I beg your pardon," she faltered.

He took her hand kindly.

"I forgive you," he said, "because you did not know what you were doing."

Lottie gazed into tears. "Oh, papa, you would not scold if you knew how happy I am here."

"Scold you? No, my child! But I must make you understand how wrong you have been to have confidence in your father. A child like you is liable to make mistakes. You don't know life, my child, and in your innocence you made a very bad choice of friends. In fact, you have done so!"

"I—don't—I don't know any one, I mean, I—when do you mean, papa?"

"That woman, standing toward Stella.

"What," cried Lottie, in astonishment, "that's little mamma?"

"She call by that sacred name is not worthy of it. She does not deserve your love!"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried Lottie, indignantly. "you shall not speak against her!"

"This woman ought to kneel before an innocent young girl like you. She is not fit to touch you. She is not what she has been done after being my wife. Do you want to know?"

"No, no," cried Lottie, in great excitement. "I don't want to know. Oh, little mamma, stop him. Why don't you speak. Why don't you stop him?"

"Because she can't. She knows I am telling the truth! I am going to tell you the worst."

"No, no, I won't hear it. I won't hear it."

"But you must," said Collins, fiercely, unheeding the dangerous excitement of the young girl.

"This woman to whom you give the sweet and tender name of 'mother,' has become a person whom no one respects, and whom all the world has a right to despise! She is a lost woman! Lottie, do you understand—a lost woman!"

"No," said the poor child, trembling like an aspen leaf, "I don't understand you very well, for I know she has always been good and kind to me, and whatever you may say I shall always love her!"

Stella looked at her with unutterable gratitude.

She stepped short.

Something choked her words.

She carried her handkerchief to her lips. When she took it away it was stained with blood.

"Although," she said, feebly, "this that you say has been true. Oh, it has hurt me terribly!"

She grew deathly pale, tottered, and would have fallen if her father had not caught her. Stella ran to the fainting girl but Collins pushed her with brutality.

She then rang a bell, and the maid appeared.

"A doctor, quick!" she cried.

Collins looked alarmed. Lottie was still insensible.

"Do something!" he exclaimed, "bring her out of this swoon. A woman ought to know what to do!"

"You have killed her," said Stella, "agitation was fatal to her. You have killed her!"

Stella went to Lottie's side and took her in her arms.

"Oh," she cried, "where she will not see you when she opens her eyes."

Collins obeyed like a child.

Then Stella began to talk to Lottie, to call her pet names, while she bathed her face with cologne, and rubbed her hands.

Lottie opened her eyes at last.

"Do you feel better?" asked Stella.

"Not now, but a little while ago something happened horribly. It was papa, I think. Something he said. I can't think—I can't remember now. Don't think of it. I ask it!"

"And I can't breathe very well. Life me up."

Stella raised her.

"How funny!" she said, "it's got dark all at once. Did you put out the lights? Why?"

"No, they wouldn't hurt your eyes," said Stella, after a moment.

She was silent a moment.

"Oh, I can't breathe. I suffer any more at all. It seems to me that I breathe better than I have ever done. Why, I'm getting well!"

She gazed lovingly at Stella. Then she drew her down.

"Listen," she said, in a low voice, "I didn't understand what papa was trying to tell me, but, no matter, I love you just as much as—as mamma!"

She began to cough and raised blood.

"Oh, I can't breathe now," she cried. "The lights are out, I can't see!"

She grew weaker every moment.

Suddenly she said, "Papa, are you there?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Come near me," she said, sweetly. He came.

Lean down very near me. I can't talk loud; it hurts me, and you must listen, and come too; I want to say something to both of you."

When she saw them both near her she said:

"I want you to promise me something."

"Speak, my child," said Collins.

"I want you both to promise to make up, to be reconciled. I would be so happy if you were together once more. So happy always to see you near me. You won't refuse?" Collins looked at Stella.

She was terribly bitter!

But the moments of the child's life were numbered.

"You won't do it," said Lottie, feebly. "oh, you won't refuse."

"Be happy, my darling child, be happy," cried Stella.

"You agree. Oh, thank God, how happy I am," uttered Lottie, but she grew weaker. Joy as well as sorrow overpowered her. Her eyes were already glazed, sightless. But a faint smile was on her lips. "We will all be together and so happy, oh, very, very happy."

These were her last words. With a vision of that happiness, the frail bark drifted out on that sea which is around all living.

CHAPTER XII.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

The wife and daughter of the convict had fared hardly since his escape. They had been obliged to leave the comfortable flat, and their good friend, Mrs. Briton, who shed many tears when they said good-by, had had moved into cheaper quarters, till they had but one room in a tenement house.

Kitty had lost her few music scholars during her sickness and for weeks her mother had been secretly taking clothing to the pawnbroker's to avoid starvation. They did not know what had become of Heather, for the few lines he had sent them by Gerald had never reached them. The young man traced them to the first locality, but after that all clue seemed to be lost. He was in despair. Kitty had gone, believing him to be a traitor. Sometimes his pride rose at the thought. If she could believe such things of him she had truly not loved him, and he would do well to forget her.

Perhaps some more favored lover had carried off the prize. He could not imagine any man knowing the charming Kitty and not longing at once to call her his own. This thought always sent him out on long tramps though the city, in a vain search. One morning a sudden freshet found, to her consternation, that she could not rise. She was too ill to raise her head from the pillow. She had tried to keep hopeful for Kitty's sake, but knew there was not a dime in the house, and she had purposed pawning what very day the last remnant of her wardrobe that was of any value. It was a camel's hair shawl which had been one of her wedding presents. Visions of that happy time came before her as she folded it up and wrote the few lines proper ready for the sacrifice. How little she had dreamed of the dark tragedy that was to blast her life! She could not go out with it herself, and she must confide in Kitty.

"You will have to go, my darling," murmured the poor woman almost forgetting the physical pain in her trouble.

"Where must I go, mamma?" asked Kitty, "if I have to accompany you I will. I ought to stay with you."

"But it is important," said her mother. "Here is the card. You must go there. They're as honest as anyone in that business."

Kitty took the card and opened her lovely eyes in surprise. It read:

"A. pawnbrokers. Oh, mamma! Has it come to that?"

"Yes, darling, don't fret. We will get all the things back in happier times."

All the things back! Kitty knew you —oh, I see. Poor mamma. I wondered a little that you had worn only one dress. You have pawned your clothes and never said a word about it."

"Well, darlie, what matters how an old woman looks?" asked her mother, with a faint smile.

"Oh!" cried Kitty, indignantly, "thirty-eight is nearer forty than—than looked as old as that the pages—"

Then she burst into tears.

"Never mind, darlie," said her mother, fondly. "When he comes back I shall grow young again. Don't cry, dearie, keep up a brave heart. God will not forget us!"

"Oh, He does," sobbing. Her heart was very sore. She had lost Gerald, and all the glory had faded from off the landscape of life. She felt that she had treated him harshly at their last meeting. How could she have acted so for a moment that true and noble heart, whose every thought—almost—there were against him. Now, he had cast her out of his heart. He would never care again for one who had doubted him so cruelly. Oh, how dreary all the future looked without love!

"Now, dearie, here it is" said Mrs. Heather, giving the package; "it's an elegant superfluity here, and I could not wear it in this house, so they might as well keep it for me. They're honest. They ought to loan you thirty dollars on it and we can buy back in a few days."

Kitty dried her tears. She felt that her self-sacrificing mother's heart would be selfish for her to add to it. She knew how much it must be for her to part with such a cherished memento of the happy memories of happier times.

Across the street the air and sunshine beigned her. It was a bright November day and the sunlight on the squalid locality where they lived her spirits rose. Perhaps my and get some scholars, or some sort of employment would present themselves once more. She found the three golden balls without much trouble. She hesitated a little for moments and looked into the window with its odd assortment of watches and queer rings, disabled gilt clocks and old Prince Rupert's drops. At last when she entered there was a young man behind the desk to wait. She felt a tide of hot color go over her face, and she hurried, the inmates were too much absorbed in their own affairs to notice her. There was a small boy whose mother had sent him with his Sunday suit, and a pretty girl of twelve who gave a little cry when her eyes a new bright plaid dress, trimmed with knots of ribbons that she feared the man she had only worn once.

"And here's a whole yard of new," she said, "and, oh, don't let it get dirty. An' mother says five dollars on it."

"Oh, oh, it was a dollar a yard," gasped the child.

"Take it, or leave it."

The little girl took it with one loving look at the dress.

She made room for a young rowdy, bloated, unshaven with bloodshot eyes, and in rags. He held out a diamond ring. It once caught the light and seemed to kindle with a blaze of fire.

"Twenty dollars," he said, gruffly.

No questions were asked. The receiver cast one glance at the valuable gem and counted out the money. He saw it was worth two hundred.

Kitty looked at the loafer with repulsion. Why was he not arrested, she thought. They must know that such a wretched object did not come honestly by the diamond. She felt as if she was in a den of thieves. But her mother had sent her there, and so she went timidly forward and showed the shawl.

"Out of fashion," said the man, curtly. "They are always in fashion," urged Kitty, her gray eyes sparkling with indignation, "but, of course, you cannot know that."

"Ten dollars," said the man.

And Kitty knew there was no appeal, so she took it.

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are always on the watch for pretty girls had been struck by Kitty's lovely face. Then she hesitated at the pawnbroker's door and gazed in the window. He stopped also at the other window, but she did not notice him.

Here was beauty in distress. He must wait and see more of her. So he lounged about till Kitty came out without her parcel. Then he went up with an air of assurance.

"Ah, Miss Trent. I hope you have not forgotten me."

Kitty flushed as she looked at him. "I never saw you before," she said, "you are making a mistake."

"What, not at the picnic of—" he hesitated for a place.

"Nowhere," said Kitty, curtly turning away.

"But, ah, really now, I can't be mistaken. No one who ever seen that face could forget it."

He walked along with her as he talked, Kitty looked about helplessly. Then she suddenly turned down a narrow street.

She regretted this move at once. The stranger kept on at her side with all sorts of fulsome compliments in the avenue there had been many people, and the crowd was a protection. In this street there were few and he ventured to take her hand.

"Such a lovely girl," he said, "let me help you. I'm more generous than a pawnbroker. Kitty stifled a scream. She did not want to make a scene in the street, but she looked about for a friendly policeman. She saw instead a young man in a gray tweed suit hurrying after her.

"Gerald!" she cried, "make this man go away."

He was at her side in a moment, his eyes blazing.

He was an athlete and he planted one blow under which the well-dressed loafer staggered. "Now, you see, or I'll give you in charge," he cried, "if it was not for this young lady, you would not escape so easily. I don't want her name mixed up with such vermin."

The scoundrel slunk away, but Kitty still clung to Gerald's arm, and felt strangely out of breath.

"Oh, Kitty," he cried, all doubts disappearing at sight of her, "I have been searching for you. Let us go where we can talk."

"My mother is sick," said Kitty. "I can't leave her."

"Then I'll go home with you."

Kitty thought of the tenement and their one room. Her face was flushed.

"No," she said, "I can't have no place to receive any one."

Gerald comprehended something of the situation.

"I looked for you. I wanted to give your mother some money that your father sent her," he said, with splendid mendacity, "and there's even more you must have."

"Then you must tell me at once, on the way," said Kitty, and he did.

"Oh, I ought to be ashamed to look you in the face," said Kitty, impulsively, "to think how we treated you when you had made such sacrifices for us."

"Never mind now," exclaimed Gerald, laughing.

"But I cannot forgive myself," said the young girl.

"Oh, you know I am expecting a rich reward," Gerald said, "when I bring back your father in triumph. I shall be very impatient. You must let me kiss away those dimples and roses before that time."

Kitty blushed. "I must go now," she said.

"But we have not settled things," he said—"that money. Your old flat is still for sale and Mrs. Bitter is mourning your absence. Why not go back there? Your father would like to find you in your old home, and the rent and money for your mother's support I can stop there today and tell her to get ready for you, and pay a quarter's rent with part of the money. Shall I? There will be enough left to last till your father comes."

Kitty innocently agreed to these arrangements which made her happy. She went into their poor room with a radiant face that her mother began to feel better at once. When she heard of the prospect of the husband's immediate return she was like a tonic to her and the thought of going back to her home gave her strength to begin packing at once. Suddenly she stopped and looked anxious.

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All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

Sunday School Teacher—Harry, what is a miracle?
Harry—Sister says it will be one if you don't marry the preacher.

"How could your father get that money?" she asked.

Kitty looked bewildered. "I never thought of asking," she said.

"You know a convict in hiding is not likely to earn much. I feel sure Mr. Gerald Stearns has furnished it, and we ought not to take it."

"Oh, mamma," cried Kitty, "it's too late to change things now. Even if it is—as you think—we can pay the debt some day."

"Yes," said her mother, with a smile. "I think we can."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLOW FALLS.

Stella sat alone in her pretty parlor—robed in black. She had scarcely been in the street since Lottie's death, and had denied herself to all visitors. But this day she expected a call. She had sent word to Larkins that she wished to see him and fixed the time. He was there on the minute. He was eager and anxious.

"You sent for me," he said, "is there anything new?"

"No, nothing is changed, except I have changed my mind; that is one woman's rights, I believe."

"Yes."

"When you were last here I declined to help you in anyway to gain evidence against John Collins."

"You did, to my great disappointment."

"Well, now, I will help you."

Larkins looked delighted.

"These were reasons for my refusal then," she said. "For his child's sake I spared him. But after that I had no reason to see why he should not suffer for his crime, if he is guilty. Mind, I say, if he is guilty. I know nothing. I only suspect."

"What is your plan?" asked Larkins.

"I shall send for him to come here. I will fix the time for Wednesday evening, at eight. When I see that he will certainly be on the spot I will let you know. You can come with your friend and take your place behind that portiere so as to hear all the conversation. I may have to play a part that is very distasteful to me, but you will understand all my moves are for the sake of getting some one from harm."

Handsome, and I thank you. Nothing can be so different as a confession from him. You will save an innocent man and bring happiness to the heart of a noble woman who has been wronged in herself and the fatal shot into her husband's breast."

Stella listened absently. She was only thinking of Lottie and how the pretty face had paled under the fierce cruel words. That memory nerved her for the interview.

She dressed with care for the interview. She wore black, but the rich satin arms gleamed through the sombre lace, and jet scintillated at every movement. She looked womanly, tender and sweet, and her reception of the stranger was almost kind.

He gazed at her with adoring eyes. The fascinat she had sent for him gave hope, and her manner was gentle and sad and regretful.

"Oh, Stella," he cried, "you can't think what a joy it was for me to get your note. Have been so miserable. Lottie gone, and you lost to me. I felt like blowing out my brains. You have forgiven me for that last scene. It was mad. I have repented. Oh, I have repented, in dust and ashes."

"Poor Lottie," said Stella, softly, "she wanted us to be friends. It was her last wish. She would understand, poor child."

"Stella," said Collins, solemnly, "I am a new man since she died. I tell you I am a changed person in all but my love for you. You can make of me what you will, if you will only be my wife. No more horrible curious rages, no more harsh words. I repent the past. I have been a wicked man—worse than you know, but I will make up for it in the years of the law, if all was known, but I swear my future life shall be as innocent as a babe's. My worst crime was for love of you, and you ought to forgive that."

"You mean the murder of Bradley Stearns?" she said, in a slow, distinct voice. "You killed him."

"Yes, I killed him! I found out that he was your lover and it drove me mad. I had your picture in my desk at the office and one of the men caught sight of it and called out, 'Hello, that belongs to the boss, and it's fit!' I felt as if I had been stabbed to the heart. I walked about in a dream, and my brain was on fire. I went and watched the house where you lived that night and I saw him go in. I wanted to kill him then and there. The blood in my veins was like burning lava. But I waited my chance. I was at the house that last day and heard a pistol shot in the library. I had told his wife of you and hoped she had taken her revenge, but when I went in I saw she had swooned, and he was not hurt. So I took the pistol and finished the work. I looked him in the face and said, 'Now, Bradley Stearns, I made my escape. Now, do you know why I tell you all this?'

"No, unless you feel that confession is good for the soul."

"It is for this reason. I feel now that I could never say a harsh word to you, but if I did, I have given you a weapon against me; see, you hold me in your power. You see how I love you, that I can so arm you against me."

"Yes, I see," said Stella, still very gently. "It is a terrible confession. I would want some assurance against those mad rages from which I suffered so much in the past. You think you are a changed man, but how can I be sure, if they can't feel safe? If you should write all that down now, and give it to me, that would be worth something. It is at any time you gave way to a transport of rage, it would control you just to show you that paper and you would remember and grow calm. It would be a power in my hand and make me feel safe."

"Stella," he cried, eagerly, "I put my life in your hands. The mere thought of having you once more to gladden my life transports me with such joy that my fear is but a trifle to give you. Where are pen, ink and paper. I will write it at once, and then, oh, Stella, we can go right to the minister tonight, can't we?"

"We will see," she said, softly, as she placed pen, ink and paper on the table before him.

He began to write:

"I, John Collins, do depose, that on the afternoon of May 24, 1894, I entered the library of Bradley Stearns' flat, and shot and killed him—"

He started up suddenly.

"Some one moved behind that portiere," he cried.

"The maid servant," said Stella, quietly.

"I will see," he cried, "if you have entrapped me—if you have betrayed me."

He dashed to the portiere, pulled it aside, and faced two men, one of who held pistols aimed at his head.

"Throw up your hands," said Larkins, "the game is up. We have a warrant here and you are our prisoner."

He made a rush toward the window and threw it up. But the men were upon him. "There is a crowd of your friends in the street," said Larkins, "so it's no use."

He turned and gazed at Stella in impotent rage. "To think I trusted you!" he cried. "I could not believe you guilty of such hellish treachery. Fool, fool that I was to trust a woman!"

"Good-by," said Stella, in a low voice, as they led him away.

Then she sank into a chair and burst into tears.

In a few weeks Heather was set at liberty and Collins took his place in the prison, where Tom Jack greeted him with insulting merriment.

For Kitty and Gerald the sunshine of youth gilded all their dreams of the future, and through all there came the sound of marriage bells.

(The end.)

The Tables Turned.

"Weren't you kissing my daughter when I came in?"

"Yes, sir. Have you any apology to make?"

His First Step.

Judge—What was your first step in crime which led up to this daring forgery?

Prisoner—I changed the date of one of my wife's letters before I finally posted it.

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Knew the Cook.

"The indications are," remarked the man who was looking at the sky with an expression of great wisdom, "that it will be cold and raw."

The man who has had trouble with the servant girl problem meekly inquired: "The weather or dinner?"

She Told Him.

"And now my good woman," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

"How do the stairs run?" the witness replied. "Shure, whin I'm oppstairs they run down, and whin I'm downstairs they run opp."

No Right to Plume Himself.

Miss Sloughby (entering the drawing room after a long delay)—Here I am, George, in full feather.

George—I should think you might be. The maid said you'd be down in a minute, and at that rate you ought to be feathers in half an hour.

In Gay Harlem.

Mr. Short—What is that infernal caterwauling?

Mrs. Short—Why, that is the janitor's baby; the cutest little black thing in the world.

Mr. Short—He's not so black that it interferes with his being a little yeller.

Mabel (stroking kitten, a new present)—Mother, kitty's so hot! Ought she to sit so near the fire? (Kitty purrs). Oh, mother, listen!! She's beginning to boil!

No Escape From That.

"A penny for your thoughts, Marjorie."

"Why, Harold, I can't, you know," answered the diplomatic miss, "because this is not leap year."

"MAKING THINGS WARM."

Feminine Logic.

"Now, John, you know very well that if I don't get that bonnet I shall cry and worry myself into an attack of nervous prostration, and the doctor's bill will be ten times the price of the bonnet."

Rebuked.

Beggar (piteously)—Ah, sir: I am very, very hungry.

Dyspeptic (savagely)—Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years.

Before and After Taking.

(First Message.)

To Wolseley, London:
We're here on top of Spion Kop!
Hurrah! The Boers have closed their shop!
We'll now begin to boldly mop
The Dutchmen from another kop!
—Buller.

(Second Message.)

To Wolseley, London:
* * * * * * * * * * * kop!
* * * * * * * * * * * have to hop!
* * * * * * * * * * * pop!
* * * * * * * * * * * can't stop!
—Buller.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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A Waiter.

It might be years, indeed, ere Berenice, the lovely heiress would be free to wed the man of her choice.

"Can you wait?" she faltered, her great eyes swimming with tears.

"Fork-and, veal pot-pie, corned-beef hash and fried liver!" cried the Count, in a loud voice, as if to reproach the doubt her manner implied.

Ah, yes, he could live in the meantime, to say the least.

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The Savage Bachelor.

"There is one thing I would like to know," said the Savage Bachelor.

"Is that possible?" asked the Sweet Young Thing, with some acerbity; this occuring at the breakfast hour, when lovely woman is at her unsweetest.

"Yes; I want to know why nearly all those women who have distinguished themselves by a display of brains look so much like men?"

More Atheism.

"No; I don't believe in the catechism, Miss Flooter, for, though I honor my father and my mother, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land. I'm still put to bed at 9 o'clock."

A Base Imposter.

"I am 98 years old!" he insisted.
Of course we laughed him to scorn.
"How," we retorted, "if you are as old as you say, does it happen that you cannot read fine print without the aid of spectacles?"
Whereupon the fellow, perceiving that his imposture was discovered, broke down, and confessed that he was only 83.

The Stage Villain.

"A thousand plasters if you abduct the girl tonight!"
"Impossible!" protested the mercenary. "I was shaved only the day before yesterday, and who ever heard of a job of this magnitude being done by anybody with less than a week's growth of stubby beard upon his face?"

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I don't believe there is a woman living that isn't able to make her husband do just as she pleases," said the youngest boarder.

"I know dozens of 'em," said the Cheerful Idiot. "They are all single."

Obstinate.

He—How foolish of you to resist me and all for one little kiss!
She (with determination)—I don't care! I will, every time!

Put Out the Light.

Thump, thump! Rattle, rattle, crash! Young Percy Stonebroke rolled down the steps of the palatial residence of Mr. Goldy.

Mr. Goldy returned to the house rolling down his sleeves.

"Papa, oh, papa, what have you been doing?"

This question came in anguished tones from the ruby lips of Arabella Goldy.

"Putting out the light of your life," answered papa, who had done a little eavesdropping in the hall the night before.

A Base Deception.

Criminal Lawyer—I was deceived in regard to that man whom I defended on a charge of embezzling half a million.

Friend—You found he was guilty?

Lawyer—No, confound it! He was innocent and didn't have a cent to pay me.

An Explanation.

Mr. Wayback (visiting big department store)—Gosh! Marian, I wonder what all these people are yellin' "cash" fur?

Mrs. Wayback—I reckon that's 'cos let folks know the store don't trust.

Had All the Symptoms.

"Did that bottle of medicine do your aunt any good?"

"No; as soon as she read the wrapper she got three new diseases."

"The play must have been very spicy."
"Why?"
"I notice you made very liberal use of the cloves."

Jimmy (with the peanuts)—A little girl choked to death eating peanuts the other day.

Jane—Well, she'd be livin' yet if she'd known you!

The Strenuous Life.

Isabel—Well, I accomplished a good deal down town today.

Arabella—Does your new coat fit nicely?

Isabel—Oh, I haven't found out yet; but I kept seventeen clerks from selling me coats that didn't fit.

The Savage Bachelor.

"I hardly approve these Mothers' Congresses," said the youngest boarder.

"They're a good thing," said the Savage Bachelor. "A Mothers' Congress gives their poor young ones a chance to rest."

A Royal Prerogative.

"It's worth something, after all, to be a Sultan," said the ruler of the Sulus, turning from the newspaper account of the rejection of Roberts, and letting his eyes wander to a group of his wives playing golf in the offing.

Death Only Can Decide.

In an argument with a man a woman invariably has the last word. But death alone can decide the victory when the battle is between two women, says one of them.

STORYETTES.

She Took It.

Peddler (opening his pack)—I have here, madam, an improved rat trap, which——

Woman of the House—We are never troubled with rats.

Peddler—Which can also be used for cracking nuts——

W. of the H.—We never use nuts of any kind.

Peddler—Or as a coffee roaster. Adjusted in this manner, it——

W. of the H.—We always buy our coffee roasted.

Peddler—Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion and bringing down the side flaps thus we have a device for holding eggs when cooking——

W. of the H.—We never eat eggs.

Peddler—And by folding these wire loops as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a small mirror——

W. of the H.—Haven't the slightest use for such a thing.

Peddler—By! While by adjusting another small mirror in this position and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a window, as I have done again, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer seated at one side of the window and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window that may be opposite and to note what is going on inside, and all I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is $5, which is only about one half——

W. of the H.—I'll take it!

Cause for Vengeance.

"I am going to use that telegraph company for one million dollars!" exclaimed the young man when his friend asked him what he was looking so glum about. "What is the matter? Mar'ied enough? Don't stand there grinning like a monkey, or I'll punch your head! I'm no Punch and Judy show to be laughed at!"

"What is the matter?" asked the friend, soothingly.

"Well, of course, you know that I have been out of the city for two weeks? It was just my luck! I wish I had stayed at home and attended to business. If I had it wouldn't have happened. While I was away I learned by the merest accident that there was a swell dance coming off on the night that I was due home. I heard of it only the day before, so I didn't have a chance to write my girl. Well, when I thought of my rival taking her to that affair it nearly made me frantic. Suddenly I was seized with a bright idea. I rushed down to the telegraph office and sent her a telegram that read: 'Will you go to the dance with me tomorrow night?'

"I didn't wait for her to answer, for I was confident that she would go. I wound up my affairs as quickly as possible and started for home, feeling sure that I had the best of my rival. I reported at her home on the following night, dressed in my best, and I met with a front thick enough to skate upon. My telegram was thrust in my hand by her indignant father and when I saw him, but I trust my darling will make allowances in view of the sore temptation."

"The color came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile, she rested her head against his breast, and, looking fondly up into his eyes, said: 'Oh, Jack, dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some horrid woman!'"

When He Awoke.

The house was crowded and the play was good. Everybody was interested except this man in black, who had taken on as many as a half dozen too many. He fell asleep. For a time he slept quietly, then his head shifted, he careened a bit and fell to snoring. His friend tried to awaken him, and then the fun began.

The sleeper, at the first punch delivered by his friend, said:

"Aw right, I hear."

The friend punched again and harder.

"I'm gettin' up," said the sleeper, drowsily; "I'm gettin' up now."

Those near by were giggling by now.

The friend jabbed the sleeper once more.

"Damn it, Marie! If you don't let me sleep I'll——"

The friend hit him three hard jolts and he awoke. He rubbed his eyes, and seeing the people laughing, realized that he was the cause of the merriment and hastily left.

His Confession.

"Ethel," said Jack Smart, as he placed his arms around his wife and looked down into her eyes, "I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise, before I begin, that you will forgive me."

A wild fear took possession of her. She placed a little white hand upon her heart, and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid, and she could only gasp: "Tell me—tell me the worst!"

"I did a man out of a cold hundred today," he said. "I confess I took advantage of a pretty good friend of mine, but it's funny how little things will change a man. When I got the call I hurried out and soon dashed up in my wagon in front of the man's house. I knocked for admittance and my friend took one look at me. There were tears in his eyes.

"'He's not dead yet, Doc,' he remarked.

"I retired as gracefully as I could under the circumstances and if I can ever find the man who gave me that call I'll get even. What? Dead? Why, no; my friend's father took poison, but he's as much alive today as you and I are, and I am almost ashamed to pass him on the street."

Cheap Vengeance.

"I'll tell you how I got even with that fellow," said the man who had been cheated. "I met him on the street and he asked me to lend him a dollar. I told him I would be glad to do so, but that I had only a check for $100 and that I would have to get it changed. He said that would be all right, and I gave him the check. He went off and I waited for him to return with the change. I waited for an hour and then I began to get suspicious. I went to the bank and found that the check was all right. Then I went to the fellow's house and found that he had moved. I have been looking for him ever since, and when I find him I'll get even with him."

Sarcastic.

"Why, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I thought you were a total abstainer?"

"I am," replied Jones, "but I'm not a fool."

Sad Living.

"We are often placed in embarrassing positions," said Coroner Forth, "but my worst experience in that line occurred early one morning when I received a call to the house of a man well known to me. In fact, he

Edna—If you marry that spendthrift lord, ain't you afraid of the outcome?
Mildred—No; it's the income that bothers me the most.

that it said: 'Will you go to the deuce with me tomorrow night?' I fled without trying to offer an explanation. I'm going to have the blood of the first telegraph operator that I chance to meet!"

Economy.

There were only four neighbors in Tuckers's general store at the crossing of the Sandwich ridge road, when Silas Silas Slosson entered.

"How be you, boys?" he said, collectively.

"How be ye, Si?" was the reply. "How's th' ol' lady?"

"Beaut th' same; don't see much change."

Silas crossed the store to the counter, behind which stood Jackson. His face wrinkled in mercantile smiles, his fat hands pressed against the varnished table.

"What I'll do for you, Mister Slosson?" he asked.

"How much ye gittin' fer C sugar?" replied the prospective customer.

"Six cents."

"Phew-w-w-w," whistled Silas; "gone up, ain't it? Didn't hev t' pay no sich figger fer t' last I bought."

"Thet so?" inquired Tucker, with surprise. "How much d'ye buy it fer?"

"Five cents and a half."

"Thet so. How much ye want?"

"Pound."

Still Living.

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The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person claiming to be that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to receive subscriptions for The Ledger unless he or she has a receipt signed by us. In villages where they have been appointed agents he will flash paper cards. A liberal reward will be paid for any information that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now falsely representing us in different localities. Look out for the county, claiming to be agents of The Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

If you tell a secret to a married woman it is equivalent to telling it to her husband.

Unless a man has an exceptionally good memory he will never become a successful liar.

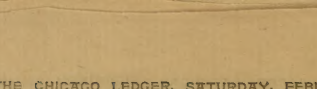
When one girl admits another is pretty she always spells it by saying she lacks intellect.

The fact that the sum of $355,000,000 had been drawn from the national treasury up to Feb. 1, on account of the Spanish and Philippine wars, is something worthy of sober reflection. And the rate of expenditure has not been decreased.

Naval experts are quarreling and theorizing over the turrets of the new warships, one rear-admiral even defending a particular style of marine construction, while another as stoutly holds out for just the opposite pattern. Nearly real estimatory test of a battleship is that of actual battle, and the unskilled critic is probably of the opinion that the American ships which fought at Manila and Santiago are good enough to copy in the future.

Announcement of a dividend of 20 per cent for the quarter on the $100,000,000 capital stock of the Standard Oil company naturally ruffles the feelings of the humble burner of midnight or other oil. In a little over three years, at this present disbursement, the company will have come out to its shareholders in dividends considerably more than the amount which is supposed to represent their original investment, and if any stockholder is not satisfied with his bargain he can instantly dispose of his holdings in the New York market at about $525 a share. This surely looks like the octopus of Texas oratory.

While it is true that Olive Schreiner, who knows more intimately than many a statesman the heart of South Africa, is a warm advocate of the cause of the Boers, and Premier Schreiner of Cape Colony, though loyal to his oath, is known to be at heart an Afrikander—there is a Schreiner sister, a Mrs. Lewis, who thinks that the Boer republics ought to be swept from the face of the earth, because of their atrocious treatment of the African tribes. One of Mrs. Lewis' reasons in her arraignment is the introduction of spirituous liquors among the natives. This touchs us Americans, who send to the Orange country vast invoices of New England rum and have within a year established 400 saloons in Lorenzo Marques, where there were none before we entered Manilla. The Boers are indeed wicked—but what are the Americans?



A WOMANS' SECRET.

The Strange Story of Marcia Richmond---The Mystery of an Old House in New Orleans---Love's Trial.

By E. BURKE COLLINS.

(Copyrighted, 1900.)

Begun in No. 6, February 10. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

Arriving in New Orleans, I proceeded to a restaurant and had breakfast, after which I presented myself at the handsome law office of Allen & Alton. My astonishment can better be imagined than described, when I learned their business with me. It was for the purpose of informing me that my great uncle in California—old Richard Verner—had died and left me his sole heir. The estate was estimated at somewhere in the neighborhood of a million.

They were anxious for me to go to California for a time, to settle up the estate, and attend to matters there, this intended in black, bewildered surprise. Old Richard Verner had never apparently paid himself regarding my existence during his lifetime; I had never met the old gentleman personally, and he was now sold, consequently death had not been altogether unexpected.

I could not profess grief at the news of his demise; and I was glad to get the fortune, I will not deny; but I say little to say, after my first outburst of surprise. As I arose to leave the office after a glass of champagne had been drained by each, in honor of the occasion, Miss Lynne, with a sudden recollection of past events:

"By the way, Mr. Alton, you have not mentioned this to Mrs. Richmond, my dear any outside party, I suppose?"

"I forgot all about it," the elder Alton flushed slightly with confusion.

"Then to acquaint the family, Doctor Verner; be sure of that," he returned. "I believe I did speak of it to my daughter Marcia, when the news first arrived, several days ago. She is very intimate with Miss Lynne, you know."

"Indeed!"

I felt my heart throb angrily.

"And, pray, what has Miss Lynne to do with my affairs?"

"Why, we should—brother and I—from the tone of her letters to Kitty, that you—that she—we, I, thought you were engaged. Indications of an approaching wedding, doctor."

"Mr. Alton!"

I drew myself up haughtily. I began to see the truth in a flash. I read Miss Lynne's maneuvering like a book.

"I request as a favor the very greatest favor you could grant me, that you will deny that rumor; put an end to that immediately, whomever it may concern. I forbid it in utterly and entirely false. On the contrary, I am not in the market for young lady in question."

I spoke strongly, for that it was time for strong speaking, Mr. Alton bowed.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," he said, with effusion. "There shall be no more said in the matter. I am sure you have been misled. I will see that them shall not be circulated again. Miss Lynne is a very beautiful young lady."

"I advance nothing against her beauty or anything, but the one lamentable fact that she has endeavored to blacken the character of a woman for whom I have the highest honor and respect," I cried, hotly.

"Certainly, certainly," he hastily insisted the elder Alton. I opened the office door, and stood holding the knob in my hand. As I stood there, my wandering about the broad passage way without, fell upon a female figure which were the garb of a trained nurse, passing hurriedly through the hall, and down the steps, and out into the street. My heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. It was Marcia Richmond.

Hurriedly bidding the lawyers adieu, I hastened down the steps in the out to the street; but she was already out of sight.

As I paused irresolutely the door of an adjacent house opened, and she emerged. Her face was pale as death, and her dark eyes were shut. She walked slowly to the side and lifted my hat.

"Miss Richmond," I exclaimed, in a low tone; "you are in trouble, allow me——"

But she made a slight, almost imperceptible gesture, and did so quickly that, before I could collect my faculties, she had disappeared once more.

Too disappointed to realize what I was doing, I walked on down the street, when glancing at a passing cab I saw Miss Richmond seated within. It was a downtown cab on the contrary. My quickest move was to call a cab which happened to be near, and direct the astonished the driver to follow the Esplanade car, which he did, I saw her alight at the end of the line, and turn her face in the direction of the old Richmond house.

I felt quite elated at the result so far, as I slighted from the cab, and paying the driver, dismissed him. I meant to follow Marcia Richmond now, and find out the truth. But, when I essayed to do so, I found that she had accidentally or purposely eluded me; for she had disappeared and was not to be seen.

However, I ventured to the old house once more. It seemed to look older and more weather-beaten than ever, and the air of decay that hung over it, was chilling to my heart.

Once more, I ventured to ascend the rickety front steps and knocked loudly at the worn front door. As on the previous occasion the old negress answered my summons.

"Is Miss Richmond in?" I inquired, boldly. "I have a message for her."

"No, sah; she ain't, sah; and what's more, she don't have her be in to nobody."

With this chilling rebuff she was about to close the door in my face, but I thrust a five-dollar bill into her black hand.

"Oblige me, and wait a moment, Aunty," I said, in a low, cautious tone. "I am Miss Richmond's true friend, and if she will not receive me I will be back in a few words and leave with you to deliver to her."

"But you mustn't curse her in, sah," objected the old woman, barring the door with her body.

"Very well; I'll stay out here and wait," I returned. I took from my pocket one of my visiting cards and a pencil and hastily scrawled upon the back:

"Dear Miss Richmond—May I not see you for a few moments? Something has happened which I am anxious to tell you. Believe me, your true friend for life.

—Paul Verner."

"Here, Aunty," I said, laying the card in her hand; "you give this to Miss Marcia Richmond, and remember this: I shall come back again, for I am her only friend. One cannot afford to despise their friends, Aunty."

The old woman shook her turbaned head, "That she will, sah," she said, "and if I do, I'll help you some."

"Thank you, Aunty; I mean only her good and happiness. I will go now, but I will come again."

So I went away, hearing meanwhile the door close behind me, and bolt itself as usual. But somehow my heart felt strong. I had made up my mind that, come what might, I would see Marcia Richmond, my presence were long, and she would listen to me.

I went uptown again, opened my office; dined at my club—an early dinner—and by the time the sun was setting, I was once more standing in front of the old Richmond house. The melancholy dismalness of the place struck me more forcibly than ever. The frogs croaked shrilly in the neighboring swamp, breaking the still which was already oppressive and fast as I drew near the old mansion, a flat wail from the violin was wafted upon the silence.

Involuntarily I glanced up for the music came from above. I could see from the roof of the old house. The voice of the violin seemed to be calling to me. Something within, now rising to a shrill echo, and anon falling to a low wail of despair, which was utterly heart-breaking.

Slowly the light faded from the sky, and a pale, pale moon arose in the east; but still the violin played on and on; such wild, such dreadful music I had never heard before in my life, and never expect to hear again. It was something to remember while one lived.

All at once, a string snapped; there was a crash; then all was still. I heard a voice, broken by the sound of a woman's voice—a wild, despairing cry for help.

"Help!"

It echoed through my brain with maddening insistence.

"Oh, for the love of heaven, help! Come!"

The voice was Marcia Richmond's. I recognized it at once. With a single bound I was up the rickety steps, and shook the old door until I felt it giving way.

CHAPTER VIII.

The door gave with a crash, and I found myself face to face with the old negress.

"Missy upstairs!" she panted, her teeth chattering like castanets. As she spoke, she pointed a black forefinger toward a massive carved staircase, dark with age, which I could just make out lost itself in the shadows above. I began to ascend it, two at a time. I found myself at last in a long hallway, more than dimly lit by a letter of the house, above and below, in oldfashioned brass lamps.

At the head of the staircase I paused to get my breath, and my eyes fell upon another and steeper staircase, which led up to the roof of the house. Involuntarily I decided that at the time my friend was far less than the time it has taken for me to reach the roof. I was emerging at last upon the roof of the old house, the rays of twilight were creeping slowly over the scene, and in spite of my excitement and the feeling that something awful had happened, I felt a thrill from a sensation of pleasure at the picture which I gazed.

The entire flat roof had been transformed into a sort of roof garden. Tall palms grew in deep pots all around the outer edge—a veritable hedge—and rows of boxes held luxuriant and blooming plants, of all the colors of the rainbow.

A long, green-baize covered table was piled high with late magazines and papers; there were books in plenty; a handsomely carved pipe, with all the usual paraphernalia of the smoker, stood upon an ebony stand not far away. And near by, in a low armchair—a luxurious lounging place—a human figure reclined, the head fallen back against the rich cushions of the chair, the poor scarred face upturned to the sky; the man who had caused all this sorrow, and whose life had been one long curse to himself and to all upon whom his dark shadow had rested.

At his side lay the violin, as it had dropped from his hand, one string broken and forever now. Upon her knees close by, Marcia Richmond crouched, sobbing wildly, her pale face hidden in her shaking hands. I drew near, and was about to lay my fingers upon the man's pulse; but Marcia arose in her feet with a wild cry of protest.

"Don't!" she breathed, rather than spoke, her dark eyes flashing into mine with a frightened expression, "don't touch him, Doctor Verner! Can't you see—what—it—is?"

I bent my head and scanned the poor, disfigured face before me, in the fitful, gray light. Yes; I knew. And in its lineaments I read all the open secret of a boyhood, a hope, a most virulent type! Like a flash, all was clear to me, and I turned to Marcia.

"Tell me, for God's sake," I faltered, "how long has this been? How long have you been with him, in his presence? When were you afflicted?"

She turned slowly, as though hardly comprehending my meaning. Gradually, it drifted across her brain, she stepped to my side and gazed full into my face, her eyes wide with horror. "I am Miss Richmond's true friend, and if she will not receive me I will be back in a few words and leave with you to deliver to her."

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She turned slowly, as though hardly comprehending my meaning. Gradually, it drifted across her brain, she stepped to my side and gazed full into my face, her eyes wide with horror. "I am afflicted!" she cried, passionately. "I am polluted. Doctor Verner, this man is the son of Richmond, and I am, my only brother. Our parents died years ago. And in our veins flows the same blood, because his blood runs in my veins, and I am under the ban. I expect to die of leprosy also, and I am glad of it. Leave me—go—listen to you, Paul!"

My name fell on my ears; I felt faint and giddy.

"You love me, then?" I cried. She bowed her head.

"I love you," she answered, solemnly. "I can do no more than confess to you the truth. I think I have always loved you, from the first day we met on board the Touro infirmary, trying to earn a little money, which we take care for Carl. Some foul aspersion breathed upon my friend's name; I was said to be living with this man, Carl Richmond, and I went to him to do so. They discharged me from the Touro. Whether I was right, Doctor Verner, the story followed me, debarring me from securing an honest livelihood, and taking care of my brother. Then my brother's death should release him. We had this old house, which was left to us by our friend Aunt Marah, who refused to leave us, did all in her power to help. She, the foul falsehood dogged my footsteps wherever I went, and I saw starvation staring us in the face. I went to this lake once, and I wrote a letter to old Mrs. Brown; and that was the only occasion from the time I was a girl to remember. But it was broken in upon by poor Carl, who had made up his mind to make one more effort to help me, and when so he decided to go over to Ship Island, and if he could get there, to see me as a physician, and ask his advice.

"Then, my life was baffled. The people at the light-house on Cat Island refused him passage, and sent him back to the opposite shore. He was then, and was obliged to make his way back to New Orleans, which he did, by walking the distance on the trains. Since I returned and joined him here, we have been growing poorer and more destitute; and yesterday we came the awful reality. We were penniless, and no one would assist us. Of course, we had this old shell of a house; but it was falling to pieces. Its big rooms, we have nothing—not even enough with which to buy him decently out of sight."

I stooped and raised my lips to her dusky hair.

"You need have no further concern, my darling," I said, softly. "I will attend to everything. And as soon as he is buried away, you will become my wife, and you will go away. I have business in California, and you will have to leave it."

Her eyes met mine with a swift look of terror.

"You know not what you say," she said, trembling. "Carl was my brother, and he died of leprosy—that terrible and most contagious disease. Why I have not had it before now, is a mystery. I have roomed in the open air with him, no matter how cold it was, and I should have carefully observed all sanitary precautions. Still, as I say, his blood, I know not how soon it may appear in my system, and of course the idea of marriage is out of the question."

How pale she looked, and how beautiful she was! The man who sat there, dead to the world, was the cause of it all. I bent my head, and worshipping her.

"Marcia, my love," I cried, "you wrong me! There is nothing that shall come between us. You are mine now, and I know you are free. Free to love and wed me. You will be my wife, my darling. You have acknowledged it, and I claim you as my own. I claim you as my own!"

She only raised up into my face and answered never a word. Only the dead head moved slowly in the negative. Just then my eyes fell upon the violin which had fallen at his feet, when death had snapped the chord. I picked it up, and saw gleaming writtely inside the instrument a bit of folded paper.

"See!" I cried, "what is it?"

"He was writing something a few days ago," she answered, sadly, "and he said it was his will—all the will he had ever made.

nce the poor fellow had nothing."

By this time, the scrap of paper was in my possession, opening it, I found that it read as follows:

This is to certify that I, Carl Raleigh, who was adopted by the Richmond family when I was but a lad, have lived for years upon the bounty of the noblest woman on earth, Marcia Richmond. She has always believed me to be her brother; and I, shrinking from the thought of being alone, [illegible] But I [illegible] I am [illegible] poor boy [illegible] mother adopted, never dreaming of the awful curse which rested upon my life. But I swear before heaven that Marcia Richmond is not of my blood, and the curse has nothing to do with her."

And so it proved upon later investigation. I had poor, unhappy Carl buried away; and then Marcia and I went quietly to a little old-fashioned church down town, and were made husband and wife. As soon as the ceremony was over, we started for California, where I claimed my fortune, and where we still live; and if there are any happier mortals on this earth than we, I do not know them.

I have never seen Dolly Lynne since the night I parted with her at the Gulf View, and have no desire to. But in the copy of Tennyson's poems of which I have already spoken, I found one day the letter which Kitty Alton had written, and which, read by myself did not read very much as it had when Dolly herself had read it to me. It also spoke of my fortune, of which I then knew nothing, and referred to Dolly's chances of capturing it. In short, the entire missive was a complete "give away" of the plot which showed me very plainly that Miss Lynne had designs upon me and my money.

We are very happy, my wife and I. And in a lone grave on the Bayou St. John, rests the man whose secret was so carefully guarded for so many years, and for whose sake a martyr was made, though the world never knew of her martyrdom; that martyrdom was covered by "A Woman's Silence."

(The end.)

AUNT ANNE.

BY MRS. W. G. MATHEWS.

"Really Aunt Anne is a nuisance; if she would only dress like ordinary folks, one would not mind so much; but she makes herself such a fright, one feels quite ashamed to own her as a relation," said my sister Maud, with an ugly frown on her pretty face.

"For shame, Maud," I answered, sharply. "I am sure you have no reason to complain; Aunt Anne is goodness itself to you. If she has odd ideas about dress, what does it matter? She has a perfect right to indulge in them, if it gives her any pleasure."

"Well, it is to be hoped she will keep in the background and not show herself when Colonel Hargreaves calls. I have half a mind to invent some tale about old Mollie Saunders being worse; she would be sure to be off there tomorrow afternoon."

"If you do, Maud, I shall certainly frustrate your plans by telling her the truth," I answered, severely. "If Colonel Hargreaves is a keen-sighted man, as he looks, he will be able to penetrate beyond Aunt Anne's odd dress and see the kind heart that beats beneath."

Maud stood up and yawned. "Well, if your devotion is so great to Aunt Anne," she said, sarcastically, "perhaps it will go the length of taking her a stroll tomorrow afternoon, while I entertain the Colonel." With this parting shaft she left the room.

I blushed guiltily. How long was it, I wondered, since I had asked Aunt Anne to accompany me in my walks! Poor Aunt Anne! Hers was a busy life, yet lonely. She kept in the background, watching her machine that kept our household arrangements in perfect order, oiling the wheels carefully, but always silently. We were tiny mites when our mother died, and Aunt Anne had taken her place at once, nursing us through our childish ailments with devoted care, attending to our wants and ministering to our pleasures with the same patient unselfishness all through the long years. Her voice was gentle, her face pale but sweet, and the only odd thing about her was her dress; she always dressed in the style of her childhood; fashions came and went, but Aunt Anne heeded them not.

It was this fad that annoyed Maud so much. "She might alter, if only for our sakes," she would say, impatiently; but in this respect Aunt Anne was strangely firm.

My father gave us a generous allowance; we both dressed well and stylishly, our elegant costumes accentuating the contrast between Aunt Anne and ourselves.

A few evenings ago we had met at a dance a singularly handsome stranger. Tall, finely proportioned, with erect carriage and fine gray eyes, Colonel Hargreaves took our youthful hearts by storm.

"Is he not splendid, Alice?" Maud whispered to me; "he has charming manners, too."

"Be careful, Maud; do not wear your heart on your sleeve," I answered. "Colonel Hargreaves will read you like a book."

An angry flush crimsoned Maud's pretty face. "How disagreeable you are, Alice!" she said. "I supppose you are jealous. Never mind," triumphantly, "he has promised to call and see father," and nodding saucily she turned away with her new partner.

The following afternoon Maud donned her prettiest white gown, and sat in a graceful attitude in the drawing room, waiting.

I smiled in my most aggravating manner; but she treated me with silent contempt.

True to his word, however, Colonel Hargreaves called. Maud received him with her sweetest smile.

Before long, however, I noticed a decided restlessness about Maud; she seemed bent on drawing the Colonel as far away from the window as possible.

I glanced without to ascertain the cause. "Ah," I said to myself, "I guessed as much." There, flitting amongst the rose trees in her quaint little muslin gown, was Aunt Anne. But all Maud's efforts were in vain; the Colonel's keen eyes wandered again and again to the garden. At last he said abruptly: "Excuse my apparent curiosity, but who is that lady gathering flowers in the garden?"

Maud mumbled some inarticulate reply, but I interrupted her. "That is Aunt Anne," I said, boldly.

"Aunt Anne," the Colonel cried sharply. "Aunt Anne; then it must be she, there could be no other Anne like her. Excuse me, I believe your aunt is an old friend of mine; I must speak to her."

He stepped through the open French windows and crossed the lawn with rapid strides.

We watched him breathlessly. Aunt Anne turned and fixed her wondering eyes upon him; we saw the roses fall in a heap at his feet. "Anne, dear Anne," we heard him cry, then, to our astonishment, he clasped the quaint little figure in his arms.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Maud, "is the world coming to an end? What can it mean?"

"It evidently means that Colonel Hargreaves cares more for Aunt Anne in her old muslin gown than for you in your latest," I said, coldly.

We had not long to wait for an explanation; the Colonel returned with blushing little Aunt Anne leaning on his arm.

"How very odd you must think it, my dears!" she said, gently, but the Colonel interrupted with, "I hope you will like your new uncle, my dears; he ought to have been your uncle years ago, but your aunt thought she owed you a duty which must be fulfilled at all costs. Your dying mother commended you to her care, [illegible] away and hid herself all these [illegible] ing I should think my claim [illegible] after all. But I have found her at last; she will never be able to run away from me again, will you, Anne?" looking down at her tenderly.

"Why, Anne," he went on, "surely you are wearing the same dress you wore all those years ago, when first we met. Don't you remember I admired it so?"

And in a moment I knew why Aunt Anne never altered the style of her gowns. It was because he liked it. Dear, faithful little Aunt Anne!

She (sentimentally)—Just think! Some where in the world is the man I am going to marry.

He—Yes, and think how unhappy he would be if he knew it.

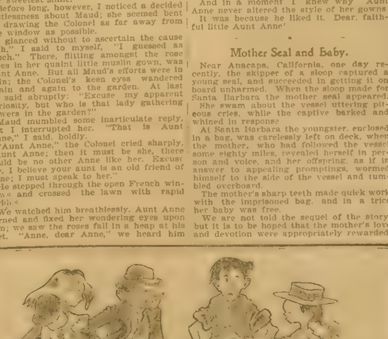
Mother Seal and Baby.

Near Anacapa, California, one day recently, the skipper of a sloop captured a young seal, and succeeded in getting it on board unharmed. When the sloop made for Santa Barbara the mother seal appeared. She swam about the vessel uttering piteous cries, while the captive barked and whined in response.

At Santa Barbara the youngster, enclosed in a bag, was carelessly left on deck, when the mother, who had followed the vessel some eighty miles, revealed herself in person and voice, and her offspring, as if in answer to appealing promptings, wormed himself to the side of the vessel and tumbled overboard.

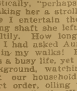
The mother's sharp teeth made quick work with the imprisoned bag, and in a trice her baby was free.

We are not told the sequel of the story, but it is to be hoped that the mother's love and devotion were appropriately rewarded.



Mike De Bite—Hully gee, Mag, dat kid brudder of yourn is small.
Mag De Minx—Naw wonder. Dey feed him on nuttin' but condensed milk.

GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR



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[illegible] exercise their judgment and consider that [illegible] is the greatest power on earth [illegible] life and force into whatever it [illegible]

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OUR GREAT SPECIAL OFFER To induce [illegible] to test our seeds, we will send you one package of each of the above [illegible]

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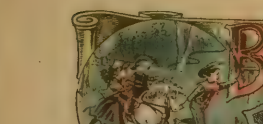


TRACING THE ROBBERS.

A Story of Dick Dart the Young Wall Street Detective---Twenty Million Dollars in Bonds the Prize.

By CAPTAIN RAVELL PINKERTON.

(Copyrighted 1900.)

Begun in No. 7 February 17. Subscriptions can be received that week, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.

A LEAP FOR A TRAIN.

Dick Dart walked slowly up Wall street toward Broadway.

From a number of people he learned that the wagon, after almost mounting the sidewalk in front of Trinity church, had turned up Broadway.

It was traced as far as the Brooklyn bridge entrance, having turned into Park Row at Ann street.

An hour later the wagon and team were found on the bridge driveway, empty.

All four men in the turnout had made their escape, taking the precious tin boxes with them.

Where had they gone?

It was a difficult question to answer.

They might have gone over to Brooklyn on the bridge cars, they might have come up town on the Third Avenue Elevated railroad, or they might have taken their course on foot in a dozen different directions.

"Too much like looking for a pin a haystack to seek them from here," thought Dick Dart.

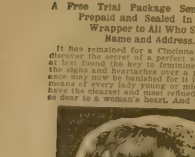
Half an hour later found him in the office of the superintendent of police of the City of New York.

BEAUTY SECRET

Remarkable Discovery Whereby Every Lady May Now Attain the Perfect Bloom of Youth.

A Free Trial Package Sent by Mail Prepaid and Sealed in Plain Wrapper to All Who Send Name and Address.

It has remained for a Cincinnati woman to discover the secret of a perfect complexion, a gift long cherished by the fair sex. She has the sighs and heartaches over a poor appearance now banished for it is within the means of every lady, poor or middle aged to have the clearest and most refined complexion so dear to a woman's heart. And what is still



MRS. BERT KILBY

more pleasing and convincing Mme. M. Ribault who discovered this great secret sends free to every woman who writes for it sufficient quantity for her complexion to show her how easy it is to attain beauty. She does not keep the simple truth and its remedies. Mrs. Bert Kiley, 102 Ward Ave., Bellevue, Ky., obtained a free trial of Mme. Ribault's and this is what she says: "I am perfectly delighted with the result. My complexion from the time I was a little girl was always a source of vexation and I grew in years those horrid pimples, blackheads and other blemishes got worse and worse. When I became a young lady in long dresses, began to think of beaux and parties as I grew I was a bitter disappointment for me all because of my freckled, pimply face. Years have seen wonderful changes and all on account of Mme. Ribault's complexion beautifier. I am a beautiful home and my friends always say what a beautiful complexion. Every lady should send for a free trial."

It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic or bleach, contains no oil, grease, paste, chemicals or poisons of any kind and is absolutely pure. Write to Mme. M. Ribault, 36 Ribault Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and she will mail free, prepaid, in a plain sealed wrapper a free package of her wonderful beautifier and you will also have it when the day you wrote. Do not fail to write today.

"Hello, Dick Dart, what brings you here?" questioned the officer in charge.

"Oh, I came to see if there was anything new in that bond robbery matter," replied Dick, carelessly.

Nothing. We have all points covered. That is all we can do, at present."

"I suppose." Dick lit a cigar and handed one to the officer. "By the way, I see by the papers that Jim Rockmore is out of prison."

"Yes"

"Have you his picture in the Rogues' Gallery?"

"Sure, and an ugly looking cuss he is, too," replied the officer.

He brought out the picture and showed it to Dick Dart.

Dick stared at it a few seconds and fixed the picture firmly in his memory.

"Rockmore was always a hard customer, wasn't he?" he said, after a pause.

"You bet he was, Dart. This is the third time he had done time."

"Does he work alone, usually?"

"No. He didn't was a big fellow with him for a while, a fellow called Longback Phil. His right name is Overton."

"Where is he, in jail?"

"No, he is wanted for a swindle in Philadelphia, that is all we know. Here is his picture."

Dick Dart took a good look at Phil Glovelton.

He was satisfied he was now on the track of two of the robbers.

And the prime movers in the scheme at that.

"Let me find these two chaps and I'll soon have Rockmore and Longback Phil," he thought.

Not to make the officer suspicious Dick Dart talked of a number of other criminals and then, passing over another cigar, he sauntered out.

"I'll go home and fix up a bit and then start in on the case in dead earnest," said the young millionaire detective to himself.

It was nearly 5 o'clock.

Dick Dart's home was up town on the west side.

It was an elegant place and had cost the young man a round sixty thousand dollars.

Dick walked briskly over to the Ninth Avenue elevated.

He was about to ascend the steps when he caught sight of a tall man on the opposite side of the street.

Dick paused and a puzzled look came over his handsome face.

"Where have I seen that man before?" he mused.

Suddenly the recognition came over him like a flash.

The man was Longback Phil, the swindler, whose picture he had just been viewing at the Central office.

Longback Phil stood gazing earnestly toward Broadway.

Presently he waved his hand in the air, and then turned to walk toward the North river.

He had signaled to a confederate.

Dick looked in the direction, but in the crowd could not make out who it was.

Then the young millionaire detective crossed the street and run

Stop!

Longback Phil gazed about swiftly and seeing himself pursued started off as fast as his legs would carry him.

At first Dick thought to shoot the man.

But the street was too full of people for that.

"I'll run him down!" muttered the ex-messenger boy.

He was as swift of foot as of old.

But Longback Phil was also a good runner and he gave Dick some hot work.

Up the street they went, under the elevated tracks.

Once Dick lost sight of his game, but he soon spotted Longback Phil again.

At last the next elevated station was reached.

Up the steps went the swindler, three at a time.

A train was taking on passengers.

He leaped past the gateman and got on board.

Clack! Clack!

The gates were closed.

The train began to move off.

As it was about to leave the platform Dick Dart came out.

The gateman, not to be fooled a second time, tried to stop him.

"I'm after a thief, stand aside!" commanded the young millionaire detective.

"Too thin, it's an old dodge," began the gateman, and then he fell back.

"Dick Dart! All right, go ahead!"

Dick scarcely heard him. No one could have stopped him just then.

The train was moving swiftly away.

In a second more it would be gone.

The young detective made a clutch for the platform gates.

He caught them and hung fast.

He was dragged off his feet, and then off went the train uptown.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WHITE RABBIT SALOON.

"The foolish young man!"

"He will be dashed to death!"

"Can't he wait for the next train?"

So the cries went on from those left on the platform.

Many people thought Dick Dart would surely be killed.

The brakeman on the train glared savagely at Dick.

He hardly felt like helping the young detective on board.

"I'll have yer locked up for dat!" he cried.

"All right, my son," returned Dick Dart. He put his hand in his pocket, brought out a five-dollar gold piece and slipped it into the brakeman's hand.

Gee! Say, boss, wot's dis?"

"That's all right. I am after that man who got on the train."

"Much obliged. Come on."

The fellow was about to open the gate for Dick but the young detective leaped over on to the platform.

Meanwhile Longback Phil was making his way into the car.

The cops were posted and by working his way forward he hoped to outwit Dick.

He had a revolver and as a favorable opportunity slipped a false mustache on his upper lip.

This disguised him partly.

Through one car after another he went.

After him came Dick Dart.

The train was now approaching the next station.

Longback Phil was in the front car.

He was all ready.

The station was reached and the slick swindler and bank robber made a leap through an open window.

Dick saw the movement.

He realized instantly that ere he could do so Longback Phil was half way down the stairs.

The swindler now realized that it was a race for blood.

If he was captured it would mean many years in prison at hard labor.

Longback Phil leaped to the ground anxiously.

A lonely cab stood but a few yards away.

"A cab, quick!" he yelled to the driver. "A friend is following me as fast as your horse will go. I'll pay you well."

The driver of the cabby was equal to the occasion, and the cab went off at a speed over the pavement that caused every one to think the horse was running away.

Dick Dart saw the cab start. He ran after it and managed to catch on behind.

He had scarcely caught hold when Longback Phil leaned out of the side.

"Drop off, or I'll put a bullet into your head!" he hissed.

Dick Dart was plucky.

He kept hold.

But now a cut was reached and the cab spring came down on Dick's hand.

He could not keep hold and slipped to the pavement.

The cab, a moment later, was lost in the jam of vehicles on Broadway.

"Straight ahead!" cried Longback Phil to the driver when he was out of sight of Dick and straight into the heart of the east side they went.

Dick Dart thought on foot.

He stopped at Broadway and by the time he could get a cab beside the cab was out of sight.

He had secured another cab in which to follow it.

Several hours were lost and he could not find what had become of the turnout and the bond robber.

"A clean cut and no mistake," thought Dick Dart. "He and Rockmore make a good team."

Another interesting installment of this exciting story will appear next week. Prospective subscribers will find our special premium offers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Arithmetic Before Moses.

There is a way of vindictive comfort for the modern schoolboy in the fact that for thirty-six hundred years, his schoolboy predecessors have been plagued by just such desperate problems in arithmetic as annoy him most.

Among the recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt is a papyrus roll, in excellent condition, dating from a period about 1700 B. C. This roll, which has a long heading beginning, "Directions how to obtain the knowledge of all dark things," proves beyond a doubt that the Egyptian of the time had a thorough knowledge of the fundamentals.

Some problems show that their principles of addition with units and fractions of units were understood, while quantities of bread and division were not known. In the present forms, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Here is one which brings the Egyptian schoolboy home to us:

"Barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person shall receive one-eighth of what has been gone before him. Another example given is: There are seven men, each one has seven cats, each cat has eaten seven mice, each mouse has eaten seven grains of barley. Each grain of barley would have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost?

The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle, attempts at squaring the circle, and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.

An Ancient Setting.

"Imperial Rome," began the professor, "sat on her seven hills and ruled the world until---until when?"

"Until," replied the thorough student, "the rest of the world sat on Imperial Rome."

Had a Good Right.

The Gobbler---My! You're awfull proud! The Peacock---Well, wouldn't you be if you ran as few chances of being killed as I do?

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Direct from Distiller to Consumer
$3.20 FOUR Full Quarts, Express Paid.
Saves Middlemen's Profits. Prevents Adulteration.

FOR thirty years we have been distilling this seven years old whiskey that can be depended upon for purity and reputation for medicinal purposes. This whiskey is as near perfection as can be produced and we have thousands of customers in all parts of the Union.

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We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for $3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages---no marks to indicate contents. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense, and we will return your $3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00.

No other distiller sells to consumers direct. Others who offer you whiskey in this way are peddlers, bogus and rotgut. Our whiskey has the Hayner reputation behind it.

References---Third National Bank, any wholesale grocer in Dayton, or Commercial Agencies.

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BLACK BEN.

BY GEORGE S. CUTHBERTSON.

Colonel Dunscomb came hurriedly up the walk and went into the house. His daughter Winnie, a slender, brown-haired girl of fourteen, met him in the hallway.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, a little anxiously.

"Oh, nothing, pet; nothing very serious," he answered. "I have just received a note from my lawyer at Brantford, in which he requests me to come over at once, as he has some matters in hand that require my personal supervision. You will not be afraid to stay, will you?"

"No," answered Winnie reluctantly; "still, I don't really fancy the idea."

"James will stay conveniently near the house to ward off tramps."

"I don't like James, papa, and you know it."

A shade of annoyance passed over the colonel's face.

"Well, well, my child, if you don't want to stay, you may take the pony and drive over to Mrs. Clark's."

"No, no," interposed Winnie, quickly; "I'll stay."

"Very well," answered the colonel, "Good-by, pet," and snatching a kiss, he ran out of doors and mounted his restless horse.

Colonel Dunscomb was a wealthy landowner in northern Kentucky. His wife had died five years before, and he now lived with his only child in the big, old-fashioned house on the homestead farm. The only servant he kept, except during haying time, was James Rolf, a big, muscular fellow of about thirty.

Winnie stood in the yard and watched her father disappear, then turned and entered the house. But a short time had elapsed when a horse and a rider drew rein at the gate, and a stranger alighted from the foam-flecked horse. Winnie met him at the door.

"Is the colonel at home?" he asked, tipping his hat.

"No, sir, papa is not at home today," answered Winnie.

"Won't you step into the office?" she asked, leading the way into her father's nicely-appointed room.

"My name is Funston," resumed the man, drawing a chair. "According to agreement, I was to call on a certain date and pay a sum of money." While speaking the man proceeded to count a roll of bills. "One hundred dollars. Now, Miss Dunscomb, put this money in some safe place until your father comes."

Winnie looked at the money. "Oh, yes, I can do that," she answered, quickly, taking the bills.

At this moment the door was abruptly opened and James stepped into the room.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a keen glance at the money in Winnie's hand. "Some of the cattle have strayed and I must go and hunt them. I'll return before dark," and he left the room.

"I must go, too," said the stranger, rising. "I bid you good-by, Miss Dunscomb."

Winnie rose, locked the door and drew the curtains of both windows. Then with nervous fingers she tied the money up in paper. No use trying to get into her father' safe; the ponderous doors were locked. Where could she hide it? A pair of boots were in the corner. No one would think of looking in them. Quick as thought she stuffed the roll far down into the toe of one of them.

The afternoon wore away and supper was prepared at the usual hour, but James did not appear. Winnie had just finished her lonely meal when heavy steps sounded on the porch.

"There he comes now!" she exclaimed, rising. "I wonder what has detained him."

She drew the bolt and threw open the door. The next instant she sprang back with a cry of alarm. A tall, burly negro stood in the doorway. He was bare-headed and had no coat and the rest of his garments were soaked through with the rain. He looked gaunt and half-starved.

"Call I hab somethin' to eat?" he pleaded. "Don't be 'fraid, lady, Black Ben won't harm yo'," he added, earnestly.

Winnie hesitated. She knew her father was ever ready to relieve the needy, but could she, with a large sum of money in the house, take in this rough looking fellow.

"Please, lady, please," the words rang in her ears and she looked critically at the man.

"Come in," she said, "you shall have some supper at say rate."

The negro needed no second bidding and stepped into the room. Winnie placed an abundance of good things on the table and Black Ben ate ravenously. It had begun raining hard and a heavy wind swept and tossed the tree tops, creating a mournful sound. When the negro finished eating he lingered at the fireside, loth to leave.

"I haven't the heart to turn him out in this storm," thought Winnie. Then she said:

"You may stop here tonight, sir, it you will sleep on the couch."

"Anywhar, anywhar, lady, if yo' will only let me stay," and Black Ben, with a sigh

"I beg your pardon," he said.

not slow to appreciate and show his gratitude for the negro's well-rendered services; and long after Black Ben was made his home with the Dunscomb family, a trusty and loyal servant.

Animal Heroes.

"Ship's aground!" shouted the mate, as the Harpooner crashed on to the rock of St. Shotts, off Newfoundland. She bumped free a moment later, but the next wave flung her further on to the crags. A breaker swept her decks; all was confusion. At last a boat was launched and the mate and four seamen, pushed off for shore, which they reached after a desperate struggle. Unluckily the distance was too great to throw a line across. Hope vanished. An idea came to the captain. He brought his big Newfoundland dog aft, attached a light rope to the collar and threw it into the sea. Struggling gallantly through the great waves the brave beast reached the party ashore. By means of the line they soon got a rope across, and over 100 of the passengers were sent across before the rope, by friction on the rocks, parted, and left the rest of those on board the ill-fated ship to perish.

There is an old fairy tale about a king who, out hawking, got thirsty, and stopped to dip his cup in a rill that sparkled by the roadside. As he was raising it to his lips his falcon dashed at it, and again and again knocked it from his hand. Enraged, the monarch seized the bird and wrung its neck. But when it was dead he saw, to his sorrow, that in the spring lay a poisonous serpent. This pretty fable has a real parallel in the case of the spider that saved the life of Frederick Willim, king of Prussia, grand-sire of the present Kaiser. An attempt was made to poison the king in a cup of chocolate. By chance a spider fell into the cup, and for that reason the chocolate was given to a dog. The dog fell dead. Inquiry was made, the cook was hanged, and over a large spider's web wrought in gold, decorates one of the chief rooms of the palace at Potsdam, in memory of His Majesty's escape.

A little fat, wheezy pug dog is hardly the ideal hero of a dog drama, but there is now living in Philadelphia a child who owes her life to her mother's pug dog. Little Ina Welch, when but a year old, got hold of a box of quinine pills, which had been carelessly left lying about. Tasting them for sweets, the baby began to eat them. After a time her mother heard the child crying and ran in. There sat Ina on the floor, still picking the capsules from the open box. In front of her sat the pug, his eyes fixed on her movements, and every time she took up a pill he made a dash, and, snatching it from her fingers, swallowed it himself. There had been originally forty pills in the box. Twenty-seven were gone. The child could not possibly have taken more than two. More would have been fatal. So poor pug had eaten no less than twenty-five.

A Constant Reader.

"I'm a subscriber to your paper," said the man whose head was bowed down by reason of a boil on the back of his neck. "I came in to make a request."

"Well," replied the editor, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to know if you can't post your war bulletins a little lower down, until I get over this trouble of mine."

One Desire Left.

Madge—I suppose you are happy now, now you have the engagement ring?

Marie—Yes, dear, only I won't be perfectly happy until I find out what it cost.

Hypnotism

THE WONDER-SCIENCE OF OUR AGE.

Reader, would you wish to become a Hypnotist? Would you catch the fire and pride of holding a vast power for good? Would you like to wield it over others to benefit them? Would you like to learn how to control your own mind and body? Would you like to learn how to develop the kindly force of a magnetic personality? Do you know the true purpose and worth of the science of Hypnotism? Would you like to know if you could realize them? For instance, do you love to penetrate the motives and workings of the minds of those you meet? Do you like to influence minds of those you meet in business or society? Do you value control over your own mind? Do you like to be able to influence health and personality? Do you like to value the power to control people and handle strangers, to relieve a misguided friend, to gain business success, to win wealth, position and happiness? If you do, you can learn to Hypnotize. Why not? No other accomplishment is so easily acquired. It can be learned in a few hours' time. Many people have studied it at home without help to find out all about it. The greatest Hypnotic Institute in the world has just issued its book, form a large and extensive TREATISE ON HYPNOTISM IN ITS PURPOSES, covering the whole ground of the science, and he will send it while the edition lasts absolutely FREE TO ALL who apply. The book is a most interesting one, full of accounts of feats of hypnotism, illustrations, and also of the power we have to become Hypnotists ourselves. It tells how we can do this in a few hours' time by a simple, easy and pleasing style. It tells you just what Hypnotism is and what you may accomplish with it. It shows you how you may sway the minds of others, overcome nervousness, fears, and annoyances around the home. New and instantaneous methods. Professor absolutely guaranteed. Remember, this book is sent FREE to all who write for it, and it is worth its weight in gold. It shows you in touch with the wonder-science of the age. Send it without delay. It is absolutely FREE. A postal card will bring it by return mail, all charges paid. Send for this wonderful book today and secure it Gratis.

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Penny Thrift.

This being the time of the year when fresh starts are taken, a suggestion of penny thrift may not be amiss, says the New York Post. In the holiday week, however, there sailed away from New York a young woman whose first-class passage ticket to Europe was purchased from the accumulation of the household penny-box for a single year. In this particular family it was the thought of the mother some years ago to put aside the pennies that came daily into the family purse. She spent none of them in procuring a bank, a large balking powder can serving that purpose. A slit through which the pennies could be slipped was cut in the cover, which was then soldered fast to the can, and the penny bank was made. In a remarkably short time the can was full, when it was promptly emptied and the contents deposited in a savings bank. Since this first filling it has been filled many times with little effort and with no apparent depletion of the weekly allowance.

"I don't know," said the woman, who has practiced this penny saving, "that my idea is at all original, but I have passed it on to a number of people with whom I have come in contact, and have always found it popular. About two months before Christmas two telegraph boys came to my house together, each bringing a telegram, and chancing to meet at my door. Each boy was smoking a cigarette, and it occurred to me that if I could interest them in the penny habit it would be not only of financial but physical value. I detained them a moment, showed them my bank, and told them how much had been saved by it. They were interested and after a few moments accepted with evident satisfaction my offer to equip them with similar cans. They went away promising to report to me at Christmas with word of their progress. They did so, and in one bank was $139 and in the other $170. I brought both up to $5, and deposited the money in a savings bank for them, returning their banks to them for more accumulations, and I was pleased to see that their cigarette-stained fingers of early November were no longer in evidence."

One of the Symptoms.

As no one, unless it might be some crusty old bachelor, could suspect a young wife of sarcasm, the mute amazement after reading the Washington Star's story below, that politicians, like poets, are born and not made.

"My dear," said a young wife to her husband, "the baby has been trying to talk again."

"What was he talking about?"

"I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be. It is perfectly wonderful how he takes after you."

Beware the Joker.

"Ah! the dog catcher's cart, that poor old foxhound at last," remarked the dachshund over his bone.

"You don't say?" exclaimed the hungry setter.

"Yes. You see the dog catcher laid a trail of anise-seed right into the pound, and the old hound followed it."

"Ha! So he was scent-wise and pound-foolish."

The dachshund thoughtlessly laughed and dropped his bone, which the setter promptly assimilated.

A Shattered Wreck.

Mrs. Fleecem—And your client was acquitted on the ground of insanity? Why, he had threatened to kill the man on sight, and did so. He surely acted perfectly sane.

Lawyer Fleecem—I know it, but I made his insanity very manifest to the jury. I asked him if he thought the annexation of the Philippines would be dangerous to the country. What do you think the poor, demented creature said? He said he didn't know!

The Ruling Passion.

Johnny—What! And it's almost the fourth of July? The Fourth comes pretty often, don't it, grandpa?

Grandpa Yewtobeseen—Often! Why, Johnny, when I was young I've seen the times when the Fourth came every little—hum—yes, Johnny, it'll soon be the Fourth.

Unstable Conditions.

"You are president of the country, I believe?" began the tourist in South America.

"I was at last account," replied the person addressed. "If it's anything important or official, just wait till I go to the telephone and find out."

Succeeded Into Royalty.

"Ah," said the tourist who was visiting the enterprising South American republic, "so you are the insurgents, I presume?"

"No, sir," replied the commander, "we were insurgents last week. We are the administration now."

Hoot Mon!

Higgins—They say there are several thousand different dialects used on the Philippine islands.

Wiggins—That so? Do the natives speak them or use them to write books, like the Scotch?

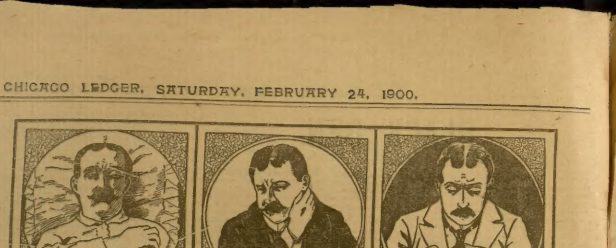
Encouraging Profanity.

Mrs. De Tomkyns—I never heard such a talker as Mrs. Gilstongue.

Mr. De Tomkyns—Yes; her husband ought to teach her to swear. A dam in her speech now and then would be valuable.

Some Excuse.

Captain Coghlan may have thought it would be a good thing to "hook" the kaiser, since the young man can never be "redeemed."



Up To The Scratch.

IS there anything more fiendish than the constant itching of the skin which will not be quieted? Scratching is like trying to put out a fire with turpentine—it only adds fresh fuel to the flame. The common cause of skin irritation is found in a diseased condition of the blood. For this reason washes, lotions, unguents, etc., though they may alleviate, cannot eradicate the disease. No medicine will "come up to the scratch" which cannot cleanse the blood of the humors and poisons which corrupt the health of the whole body.

"I COULD DO NOTHING BUT SCRATCH."

"I consider your 'Golden Medical Discovery' one of the best medicines on the face of the earth," writes William Floeter, Esq., of Redoak, Montgomery Co., Iowa. "While in the south-east three years ago I got poisoned with poison ivy. The poison settled in my blood and the horrors I suffered cannot be told in words. I thought I would go crazy. I could do nothing but scratch. I would go to sleep scratching, would wake up in the morning and find myself scratching. I scratched for eight months. Had it not been for 'Golden Medical Discovery' I would be scratching yet. I tried different kinds of medicine—tried different doctors—but all the relief they could give me came from my pocket-book lighter. I called on one of the leading doctors in a western town. He charged me one dollar; drugs cost two dollars and a half. If I had given that money away I would have been better off, for it did me no good. I then began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Took four bottles before any relief. Kept taking. Took eight in all ten bottles and I got entirely cured. I can say that if people would take your medicine instead of fooling with some of the quacks that infest the small and larger towns disease would flee like chaff before the wind."

The action of "Golden Medical Discovery" upon the blood is marked in two ways: by purifying the blood and so removing the causes of disease, and by increasing the quantity as well as improving the quality of the blood. This increased supply of pure blood, rich with the vital corpuscles of health, carries new life to every organ of the body. Weak organs are thus strengthened and are enabled to throw off the diseases which had fastened on them. In scrofulous diseases the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" has time and again worked wonders, curing sores, boils, eruptions, and other painful and disfiguring diseases.

SIGHT ALMOST GONE.

"My little daughter when seventeen months old became afflicted with scrofula, which affected her eyes," writes Mrs. Agree L. Duncan, of Mansfield, Sebastian Co., Ark. "She could not bear the light for over a year. We tried to cure her eyes, but nothing did any good. We had our home physician and he advised us to take her to an oculist, as her eyelids would have to be 'scraped.' They had become so thick he thought she would never recover her sight. As there was no one else to whom we could apply we finally sank within me. I went to your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' and your treatment on scrofula, getting the properties of medicines then advised. With five bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I have entirely cured my child."

Scrofula of the lungs is the other name for that diseased condition of the lung tissues which, if neglected, or unskillfully treated, terminates in consumption. The many marvelous cures of "weak" lungs, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, are effected along the same lines as the cures of other forms of scrofulous disease; by purifying the blood from poisonous substances and increasing the activity of the blood-making glands, so that the blood, on which every organ depends for vitality, is abundantly supplied to each dependent organ.

A MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

"Regarding Dr. R. V. Pierce a distinguished prince among physicians, and the medicines you manufacture valuable remedial agents, I desire to send you this brief, unsolicited testimonial," writes Rev. Joseph H. Pesperman, Bartlum Springs, Iredell County, North Carolina. "In 1898, one of my daughters was suffering on account of a severe cough, hectic fever, wasting of flesh and other symptoms of diseased lungs. I promptly gave her Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with gratifying success, and she now enjoys excellent health. This experience caused me to recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to my neighbors, who, without exception, used them with favorable results. This being true, I heartily endorse your medicines."

There are certain medicines which are offered as *blood-making* medicines, but no medicine can make a drop of blood. Blood is made from food. Blood is the vital principle of the body. Strength is built up from blood. Blood and strength are alike the product of the food we eat. Take away a man's food and you take away his life. Take away a man's blood and he dies. Give a man blood and you give him strength. The great fact is that life depends upon food, and on the ability of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition to extract the nourishment from the food and distribute to blood, brain and bone, the salts, phosphates and lime they live on.

"Golden Medical Discovery" cannot make a drop of blood. It can no more add to a man's strength than do his enemies. What it can do and what it does is to put the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition into perfect working order so that the nourishment in the food is extracted and assimilated and made into blood and strength.

ITS WONDERFUL WAY.

"Three years ago," writes Miss Jennie Swearingen, of 1066 Market Street, Wheeling, West Virginia, "I was taken with what our family physician called typhoid fever, and was sick for seven or eight weeks. My stomach was in a dreadful condition and I could neither eat nor sleep. For four weeks I drank only ice-water. I was taken down in the same manner the next year. I suffered for two or three weeks, and again last winter I began suffering with a pain in my side. It kept getting worse and I had to have a doctor, and he pronounced it a kind of malaria and Grippe. What I suffered I could never express to anyone. I could eat nothing; had to lie flat on my back and could not rise from the bed. Everyone thought I could not live. I had to be covered with mustard plasters and apply hot irons, etc. I bought two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and of his 'Pellets.' Took the medicines according to directions and began to improve slowly. *The way it helped my stomach was just wonderful.* I still continue the use of the medicines, and have taken more than six-teen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and quite a number of the vials of the 'Pellets.'"

"For catarrh I have used six bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and am cured of that trouble also. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Pierce's medicines. I only know that no other medicine in the world could have benefited me in the way it has. I have had no bad spell of sickness since I began this use, and I feel strong."

The wide range of cures performed by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery may be attributed to the scientific method of the treatment which cures through the stomach diseases which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and the allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Blood is the life, but blood is made from food, and the conversion of food into nutrition depends upon the health of the stomach and its allied organs. Golden Medical Discovery" heals the stomach and so removes the contaminating cause of the blood's impurity. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, so that a stream of pure, rich blood is supplied, adequate to the nourishment of all the organs of the body. It restores the lost appetite and builds up the body with sound flesh instead of flabby fat. It induces restful, refreshing sleep, and brightens the mental faculties in correspondence with the physical invigoration.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, chloral and all other narcotics. It can be given with as much safety to the weakest child as to the strongest man.

If you ask your dealer for "Golden Medical Discovery" don't be turned aside from your purpose by any offer of "just as good" medicines. If it's anything else than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery it won't do the work which the "Discovery" does. Get the "Discovery" and get cured.

DON'T SOUND UNCLE SAM

because he charges for mailing Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. When the cost of mailing is all the cost of a book there isn't any room to grumble. That's the case with the "Medical Adviser." It is sent entirely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing ONLY. This great work contains 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations. It treats of the real issues of life in plain English. It has been the means of health to thousands. Send 31 one-cent stamps (expense of mailing only) for the book bound in cloth, or 21 stamps for the book in paper covers.

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Policemen in Petticoats.

Among the more progressive nations of the world, there are now few fields of work which have not been entered more or less by women, but in most countries the police force is still made up men alone. In certain remote parts of Russia, however, women have frequently acted as the servants of criminal law, and their success in the performance of their duties is illustrated by an instance that would seem incredible were it not related on the best of authority. The governor of the Russian province of Archangel gives this account of feminine capacity as he himself witnessed it:

One curious little episode greatly amused us, although we were careful at the time to maintain a becoming gravity. A peasant was trudging along the road, and close behind, with a metal badge of office on her breast, walked a feeble looking woman. To meet anything human in the depths of these distant forests was in itself a surprise. We asked who, whither and why.

It turned out that the old woman, in performance of her duty as village constable, was conducting this great, strong convict peasant to the jail at Mezen. She had to hand him over at the nearest police station, which was the hundred and sixty miles away. There she was, plodding feebly along with her prisoner over well-nigh impassable tracks or deserted forests and mountains.

In remote districts of Archangel, where the men are all engaged the summer long in distant avocations, it is impossible to confine the village officials to their posts, except perhaps the mayor of the parish, who is paid for his services. It has thus, from time immemorial, been the custom for the women of the village to act for their absent husbands or brothers. It is bare justice to add that they perform their duties conscientiously and well.

Learning that I was the governor, our police constable begged me to release her from the duty of escorting her prisoner farther.

"As you know," she added, "he can just as well find his way by himself."

She had even asked him to take the warrant and report himself to the proper authorities; but he would not consent, saying that a prisoner was not supposed to go by himself, but must be accompanied by a constable.

Finding that the charge against the prisoner was not serious, I gave the warrant to him and bade him continue his march to Mezen alone, and duly deliver himself to the police authorities there, without dawdling on the road.

"You, sir," he replied, "I'll hurry on as quick as your I can. It won't suit me to loiter. I humbly thank you. But how could a man move along at all with a woman as a conductor?"

Subsequently I learned at Mezen that he did indeed tramp the whole distance alone, and at once reported himself at the police station, duly delivering his warrant of arrest.

"And where's the prisoner?" he was asked.

"I myself am he," was the reply; and then related to the amazed officer how he had met me on the road.

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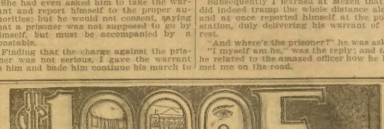

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123 Tenting Old Camp Ground.	766 Letter that never came.	1209 Rose by the Roses.	1682 I'll never go out with Riley.
124 Dreaming of Mother's Kisses.	767 Dying Girl's Message.	1210 Rose by the Roses.	1683 Don't say 'tis not Twilight.
203 Farmer's Daughter.	768 Dying Girl's Message.	1211 Rose by the Roses.	1684 Don't say 'tis not Twilight.
204 Little Indian.	953 Dying Cowboy's Lament.	1267 Will the World go on.	1685 Don't say 'tis not Twilight.
207 Number Nine.	1017 Package of Old Letters.	1268 Don't Let's Quite up.	1686 Don't say 'tis not Twilight.
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213 Home on the Old Prairie.	1020 Dying Cowboy's Lament.	1286 Old Glory.	1689 Don't say 'tis not Twilight.
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217 Deadman's Dream.	1024 Whistling Coon.	1290 The Little Lost Child.	1693 Don't say 'tis not Twilight.
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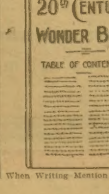

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A BARNYARD TRAGEDY.

"I'll hide and skeer pop." "I'll ambush the cat." "I'm laying for rats." "We've got 'em!"

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

The Squirrel's Arithmetic.

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat,
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?
The forest was green around him,
The sky all over his head;
The nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er;
Busily thinking was he
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could be hide in the hollow tree.
He sat so still in the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about.
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way to do, without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

Stone of Gratitude.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the stone derives this attribute:

The blind Emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside it on certain days hearing and putting to right the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of Cæsar was obtained.

One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest slowly in homage and straightway told the following tale:

Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killed the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would Cæsar grant her justice?

The emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn a great serpent glided into the palace, up the steps into the royal chamber, and laid upon each of the emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke he found he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude.

Holding His Own.

Even the latest inventions cannot do away with all time-honored methods. A farmer of the old school made this very plain the other day.

His wife wanted some tacks, and he went into the village hardware store to buy a package. The storekeeper thought he saw an opportunity.

"I'll tell you what you want," said he. "You want a bicycle to ride round your farm on. It'll save you time and money. They're cheap now, dirt cheap at thirty-five dollars."

The farmer scratched his chin. "I'd rather put the money into a cow," he said.

"But think," replied the shopkeeper, jocosely, "think how foolish you'd look riding round town on a cow."

"Well," said the farmer, "I don't know. Perhaps I shouldn't look so much more foolish than I should milkin' a bicycle."

And he bought the tacks.

Loved All Animals.

Charles Kingsley seems to have loved every living creature around him, and he taught his children to respect even the most loathsome insects. Mrs. Kingsley tells how a family of runaway toads made their home in a hole of green bank at Eversley, and the scythe was never allowed to approach their retreat. He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps, which lived in a crack of the window in his drawing room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a basin of water, and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their young, which came out of, or returned to, the same crack.

He petted the white stable cat and the black house cat, and sat up with a sick dog during the last two nights of its suffering life. Wherever he went he was followed about the parish by his faithful little Dandy Dinmont, whose intelligent face was always to be seen at the lectures and school lessons, and was known to every cottager in the place, being almost as much esteemed by them as the Kingsley children, whose attached friend he was for ten years.

Blamed the Woman.

"Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday."

"I'm! I know the teacher told you. A woman can never keep a secret."

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